

# The Domestic Papers of the Rose Family

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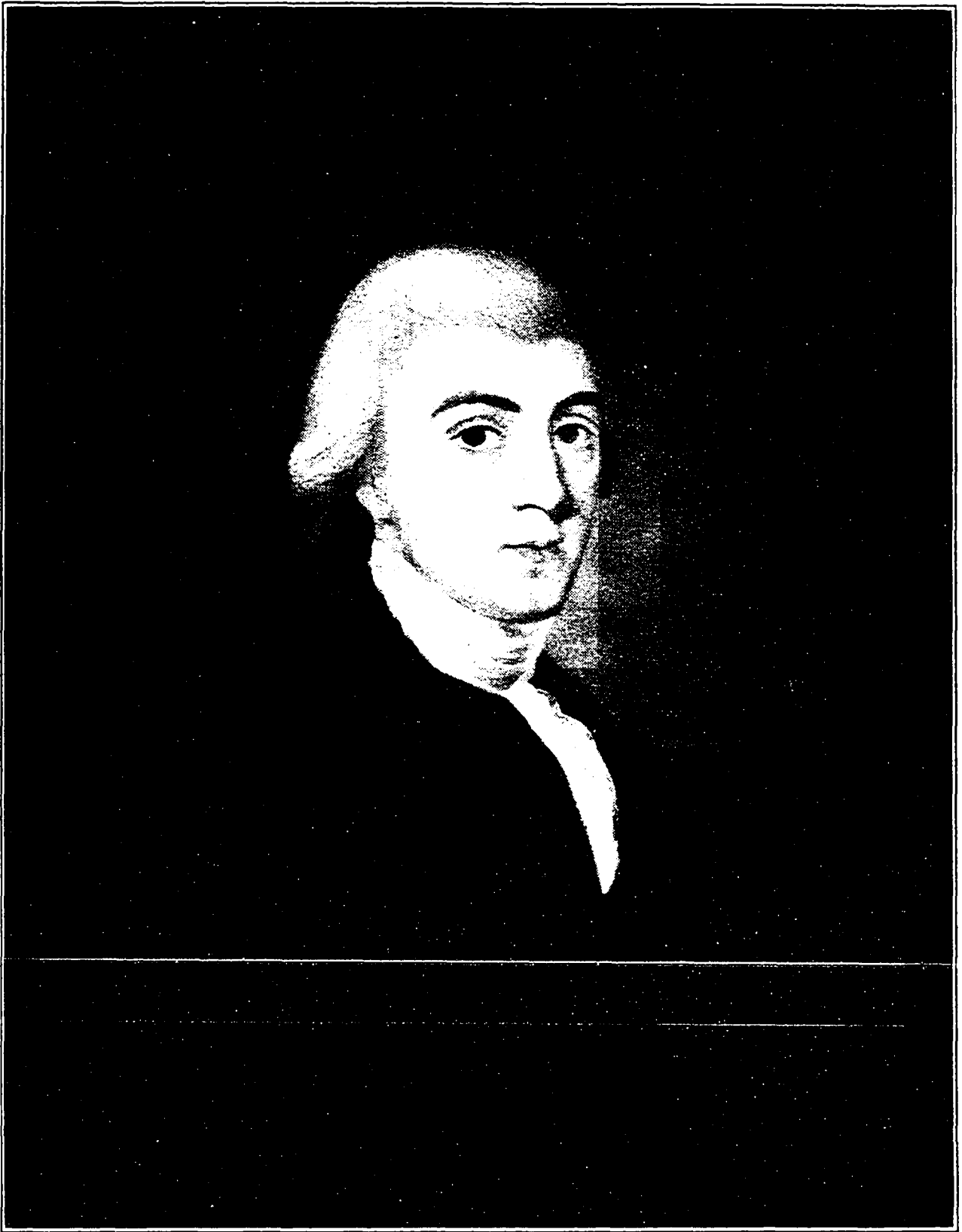
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*THE DOMESTIC PAPERS*  
*OF THE ROSE FAMILY.*







William Rose.

From a Portrait in the possession of McIver-Campbell, Esq., of Ballochyle.



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

WILLIAM ROSE of Montcoffer, though a well-known man in his own day, was in no sense a historical character. He was the hard-working Factor or Agent for a County magnate in Scotland 150 years ago; he was also, in his leisure moments, an industrious genealogist and antiquary, and left behind him a vast mass of material in MS., some of which was sold by his sons, but the major part was carefully preserved. He had twelve children, and he kept nearly all the letters he received, both those on business and those purely personal. From this collection it has been possible to evolve a vivid picture of life in Scotland in the 18th Century, which always has an interest of its own.

For the possession of these letters the present editors have, for the second time, to record their grateful thanks to the late Mr. Edward Gordon-Duff, who presented to them the whole collection of "Rose Papers," so curiously preserved in Banff ever since William Rose's death, and bought by Mr. Gordon-Duff about 30 years ago. A selection of the letters which Rose received from

his employer has been published elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> For the present volume, the printed records of the long law suit, which, unfortunately, marked the close of Rose's 40 years' connection with Lord Fife, have also been laid under contribution; he had kept copies of all documents on both sides. His vast correspondence with other landowners and politicians of the North of Scotland remains still unpublished, and some of these letters may, perhaps, see the light at a later date.

ALISTAIR TAYLER.

HENRIETTA TAYLER.

DUFF COTTAGE, ANGMERING-ON-SEA,  
SUSSEX, 11th July, 1926.

<sup>1</sup>"Lord Fife and his Factor," edited by Alistair Tayler and Henrietta Tayler. London: Heinemann & Co. 21s.

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The following passage from the autobiography of Sir Walter Scott seems curiously applicable to William Rose :—

“Every Scottishman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative, as inalienable as his pride and his poverty. My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid. According to the prejudices of my country, it was esteemed *gentle*, as I was connected, though remotely, with ancient families, both by my father’s and mother’s side.”





## CHAPTER I.

### **William Rose—1740-1807.**

WILLIAM ROSE was born in 1740 and died in 1807. His life, therefore, covered a very interesting period of British History, but, except for the political contests in his own immediate neighbourhood, and the effect on these of the rise of Pitt and Dundas, historical events really touched him but little.

His early childhood had been shadowed by the Jacobitism of his father, but he himself, like his master the 2nd Lord Fife, became a steady-going Whig, and very loyal to King George III. Brought up in extreme poverty, William Rose, by his own industry and exertions, as well as by his sterling qualities, rose to a position of great responsibility and importance as factor to Lord Fife, and, when he became head factor over several others, he controlled (during his master's absence in London for the Parliamentary session) the domestic and the political affairs of a great part of the three counties of Banff, Moray and Aberdeen. This is shown clearly by the letters he received from all kinds of persons, begging for his help and interest, and by the constant instructions sent to him by Lord Fife on all sorts of matters, the letters frequently ending with phrases like:—"I will leave it to your discretion"—"You will manage it the best way you can"—"I trust you." And in giving early information

as to some Government project for new legislation, he adds, "What does Rose think about it?"

It is not the course of Rose's life (which was in no way eventful) that is interesting, but the picture of his times and of his country, as shewn in the family letters; some of his own are therefore first given and then a selection of those from each of his children. Strict chronological order has not been preserved, as being of less importance than the grouping of subjects.

By the kindness of Mr. McIver Campbell, his great-grandson, we are enabled to reproduce portraits of William Rose and his wife, by that of Mr. Raymond Tinne Berthon, a great-great-grandson, the page of miniatures—and by that of Mrs. Suart, the portrait of Patrick Rose.

According to Lord Fife's frequent comments, Rose, who was a little man, became in later life very portly, and is frequently warned as to his dislike of exercise, his short neck and love of good eating and drinking. He eventually died of an apoplectic seizure, but in his youth seems to have been good looking. The coat in the portrait is green, and there is a letter from Lord Fife of 3rd May, 1773, announcing that he has bought for Rose in London "a Pea green coat with a buff Casima waistcoat in which you must look wonderfully handsome."<sup>1</sup> His wife, Mary, the daughter of William Robinson of Banff, was an exceptionally beautiful woman (a letter from Miss Charlotte Forbes describes her as "almost divine"), and their married life was very happy; her brother, George Robinson, W.S., was one of Lord Fife's law agents and a

<sup>1</sup>Lord Fife also adds, in a jocular strain, that he regrets not having had the coat fitted to anyone, but that Harden, his Secretary, is so much taller than Rose, James Duff (his natural son) too slight, and, perhaps, Rose would not like it fitted on the French chef, who, apparently, was of the right figure!

most humorous letter writer. Another brother was Dr. James Robinson, at one time employed (in his professional capacity) by Lord Fife, as shewn by a letter from James to his brother-in-law, William Rose, after Lord Fife's riding accident in 1787. "I am far from easy under the responsibility and would have wished some other Surgeon called in, but 'the Thane' would not hear of it. I will not animadvert much on the consequences had this accident ended fatally. To our family it would certainly have proved a very great loss." Rose had a great personal devotion to Lord Fife, which appears frequently in his letters. "You are the only one I look up to," he writes on one occasion, "and I am prepared to run the gauntlet for you" (in some political dispute) "though sooner than that I would take a journey to Constantinople with my ten bairns, running the risk of the plague."

When Lord Fife (who had succeeded on his father's death to an Irish Earldom only) was made a Peer of the United Kingdom, William Rose, who had shared all the hopes and fears with regard to a compulsory change of title, writes, "No event can afford me greater satisfaction, so much as that I think all ambition on earth is now at an end."

At the same date, 26th April, 1790, Rose writes:—

"I saw Colonel Urquhart in great distress at Edinb. lifted in his agony when I told him your Lop. was to be a peer to a degree of joy that delighted me."<sup>1</sup>

William Rose was very proud of a long descent (as became a genealogist) and was undoubtedly a remote

<sup>1</sup>In the same letter occurs "The roup of Rannes furniture comes on the 15th May. If your Lop. wants good beds and table linen, there is there the best materials." This would be for furnishing Lord Fife's new house of Innes, and shews Rose ever careful of his employer's interest.

descendant of a *younger* son of the Rose of Kilravock<sup>1</sup> of the 15th century, and traced his descent as follows:—

John Rose, the younger son in question, married, 1526, Marjory Dunbar, and held the small estate of Ballivat, which was sold by his grandson.

John Rose of Ballivat, married, 1545, Janet Urquhart of Burdsyards.

John Rose of Ballivat, married, 1606, Christian Gordon.

Hugh Rose (a *younger* son), married, 1633, Katherine Ord.

Patrick Rose of Lochiehills, married, 1642, Margaret or Isabel Tulloch.

John Rose, in Western Alves, married, 1698, Margaret Grant.

John Rose (a *younger* son), Merchant in Forres, married, 1735, Anne Cuming.

This John Rose, like many of the smaller gentry and poor members of old families in the North, was “out in the ’45,” and had to flee to America (where some of his brothers were settled) after Culloden. Tradition states that he returned to his house in Forres, at great personal risk, disguised as a beggar woman, to say good-bye to his children, of whom there were six—

Jean, then nine years old, died unmarried.

Margaret, aged 7, afterwards Mrs. Falconer.

William, the factor, born 11th August, 1740, and therefore 5½.

<sup>1</sup>In Rampini's “History of Moray and Nairn” the family of Rose of Kilravock is thus described:—“For six hundred years and more there has always been a ‘baron’ (that is a land owner) at Kilravock, son succeeding father in the possession of the family estates without the interposition of a collateral heir, almost everyone bearing the Christian name of Hugh, and none but one ever rising to higher social rank.” They have never been large landowners, nor have they carried much weight in the County, but they have the almost unique distinction of having possessed and resided in the same house (the old peel tower) for 600 years and 20 generations.

Patrick, afterwards Minister of the Episcopal Church in Arbroath, aged 4.

Rachel, born 1743, afterwards Mrs. Cuming, and Alexander, an infant in arms.

John Rose died in Virginia in 1762.

On the occasion of his marriage, William Rose wrote to his distant kinsman (a seventh cousin), Hugh Rose of Kilravock, who had just lost his only son (leaving as his heir his daughter, Elizabeth, who married a cousin and carried on the family), and received the following answer, the claim of kinship being thus recognised, though there was little further intercourse:—

Kilravock, Jan. 7, 1773.

“Dear Sir,

Your oblidging favour of the 26th I received some posts ago, and return you my sincere acknowledgments for your kind sympathy in our distress and hearty concern in our welfare.

Thin as the Clan is, I have a Pride in seeing we can boast of some Worthy hearts—it shall ever be my endeavour to attach myself to such. My mother, sister and uncle to whom I communicated your letter, join me in kindest wishes to you. I hope no opportunity will be neglected on either side to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with

your very affect. Humble servant

HUGH ROSE.”

In 1780, in the days of his comparative affluence, William Rose “matriculated” his arms at the Court of the Lord Lyon in Edinburgh; those of the Kilravock family, with appropriate marks of “cadency.”

William Rose and Mary Robinson were married on the 2nd of January, 1773, he being then 32 years of age and she nearly sixteen. They had twelve children—

James, born 1774, died 1814, afterwards Rose-Innes.

William, born 1775, died after 1862.

John Durno, born 1776, died after 1822.

Mary, born 1778, died 1828, married William Gordon of Aberdour.

Alexander, born 1779, died 1813.

Patrick, born 1780, died 1844, married Maria Theresa Wemyss.

George Robinson, born 1782, died 1807.

Andrew, born 1783, died 1832.

Anna, born 1785, died 1827, married Philip Frederick Tinne.

Hugh Hay, born 1787, married Catherine Waddell, died 1851.

Elizabeth Forbes, born 1790, died 1860, married, in 1809, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell of Ballochyle, and secondly, Major Murray.

Jane, born 1793, died 1830, married Captain James McLean.

There were nearly fifty grandchildren, and a large number of descendants are still living. See tables at the end of the book.

Means must have been very narrow in the family of the fugitive Jacobite in the years succeeding 1746, and it is not known how Anna Rose (*née* Cuming) managed to educate her little family, but William must have succeeded in acquiring the rudiments of training as a writer, for, when taken into the service of the first Lord Fife as a personal attendant, he was occasionally employed as an amanuensis. In the course of the action which he brought against the second Lord Fife forty years later, with a view



to obtaining additional remuneration for his professional services in the past, he claimed to have been "bred a writer," but that must have been a mere "*façon de parler*," for Lord Fife challenged the petitioner to disprove (and he was unable to do so) that "He (Lord Fife) found him in the year 1762 then aged 22, as a servant to the first Lord Fife, standing behind his chair, changing his plate, and serving him or any one else with bread, small beer, or anything else called for, at a yearly wage of £9." As a matter of fact, William Rose's qualifications for his subsequent post as factor and chamberlain to the second Lord Fife were all acquired in his master's service. After the first Lord Fife's death, the second Earl retained the services of William Rose, having taken a personal liking to him, doubled his wages and gave him by degrees more and more confidential work to do, and the opportunity of working with his factors and law agents and learning all a factor's business, though he never acquired any legal status, nor was he a notary public. Rose continued to reside in his master's house, bed and board being counted as part of his wages, which, however, were regularly increased. He looked upon himself, and wrote himself down, as "your lordship's principal servant," and, on one occasion, when Lord Fife wrote to him from Paris, 21st December, 1765, with directions as to the sleeping accommodation for footmen at Duff House, he says, "I allow no servant to have a room by themselves except you, and there must be nobody in the room with you on account of my business."

Lord Fife had, before this, sent Rose's younger brother, Alexander, to Antigua with his own cousin, Charles Baird, who promised to find him "Good bread" there. In 1766 he also took into his service William Rose's first cousin, John, who writes the following amusing letter from Lord Fife's house in Whitehall:—

“Dear Willie,

I cam here Sunday last and would immediately have wrote you on my arrival but everything is in such confusion could hardly know what to do or say. There is no footman but John Stuart; Charles, a Frenchman who is to dress my Lord and acts as his footman serves at table, and altho he can hardly speak a word that is understood, must receive company and messages, John Stuart being so much taken up with Lord Fife. We have also a Dutch musician who is to be in Livery and attends at Table and does little services. He can only say *hum* and *ha*, neither understands nor can he be understood by anybody except the Frenchman who speaks some little words of Dutch . . . As to myself I cannot say what I am, what I am to do, how to do it or what I will get to do. However I have entirely resigned myself to my Lord's commands and altho wt great discontent and dissatisfaction, I am to do everything that is put to me while I am here and untill I come to the country; that I may the more readily have your advice I am just to proceed and tell you how I am used. On Sunday night I was immediately called for . . . My Lord made me attend him at night when undressing and the next day in the morning, which is all the attendance of that kind I have given him yet. I have served the table two days at Dinner, that I may be acquainted and not do things awkwardly when Company comes. I have wrote several little things and ballanced some of his books. Sometimes I have been ordered to attend in the hall and make the Livery man open the Door and receive the Company and

show them to the Parlour to my Lord and set seats wt a great many airs, which I'll never put on, I cannot be a foppish cox-comb. The next part of the day, I was to receive my Ladie's company at the top of the main stair from the footman and shew them in. I know not what condition I am in, I have so many offices. I have had my Lord's instructions to continue to do all these services, besides taking care of the business, which will be as considerable as that at Duff House if not more so. I will have business letters also to write. We have shoals of company. I am to have the charge also of my Lord's cloathes and to see this damned Frenchman have his matters right. I have said enough in a hurry on this subject and will only add that if you can give me any good advice you will lose no time in doing it."

From Lord Fife's own letters, it appears that John Rose was not an altogether successful servant and that his time of employment was brief. He was afterwards a tradesman in the Strand, and lived to the age of 100; he had a brother, James, in the merchant service.

On several occasions Lord Fife makes jocular allusions to William Rose's cousins, both Roses and Cumings, who tried to enlist interest with William's patron—advises him to shake himself free of them, and adds, "When you have done with all those cousins of yours, I can show you some of mine in the same line."<sup>1</sup>

Rose's sister, Margaret Falconer, writes from London in 1770 (she was apparently very poor), sending directions about her little daughter, Rachel, who was in the care of aunt and grandmother, "They asked me for

<sup>1</sup>Lord Fife had 63 relatives of this degree, mostly married and with large families.

worsted frocks for her, which I have refused, I don't like her to be used to too much warmth and I beg you would put in a word not to hap her up too much, for that I think is a bad habit and a thing often done to children in Scotland and pray don't lett them put anything about her neck. You will laugh when I beg you to send your sister one of your worst pairs of old breeches to make her a pair of stays. There is nothing talked of here but wars and rumours of wars and what is much worse they say the plague is in France, but God forbid this last be true—if it comes to London you should soon have the pleasure of seeing us."

Rachel Rose lived long with her mother at Auchingoul, later she married a Cumming cousin, a sugar planter, and went to Jamaica. According to a letter of 4th October, 1788, she had three children, Ann, Jean and Mary, the latter being then three. She seems at that period to have been in somewhat straitened circumstances, as hurricanes, etc., had ruined the sugar plantation, and Mr. Cumming was in the process of turning his estate into a "pen" or cattle farm. Later they became again very prosperous.

In this letter Rachel laments that her brother, Patrick, has not been made a Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, and fears that such dignities may, in consequence of the Union, be given to Englishmen.

The Rev. Patrick Rose, "Episcopal Minister of Arbroath," himself writes the most sententious letters, in a large round hand. A characteristic one is to his brother William, of date 30th December, 1798:—

"Dear Brother,

The latest accounts that we have here of the state of your family were by your son James, a very promising young man. He was so obliging as spend some days with

us which afforded me an agreeable opportunity of getting acquainted with him and knowing something of his disposition and abilities. His dispositions are indeed of the most engaging kind and qualities about him truly attracting, while I had the satisfaction of observing that his abilities are so far from being unpromising, that they afford very flattering prospects of his being creditable to his connections and serviceable to himself in the line of life your attention to him wishes him to appear in. There are indeed in my humble opinion various occurring circumstances hidden in the womb of time that generally lead a Gentleman to the height of Excellence in the occupation he points to but it is to be hoped that your own situation and influence will have some weight to usher him into business and that his own diligence and application will recommend him to the attention of those who give him employment.”

Patrick and his wife, Isabel, had no children, and were very kind to William's large family. He died in 1799.

William Rose's first cousins, the Misses Cuming, who resided at Mather Cluny, made frequent demands upon his time and help. Out of a mass of not very interesting letters the following is selected as typical of the five elderly ladies, who alluded to themselves as “the poor sisterhood of Mather Cluny.” Their grandfather married three times and had three large families:—

Feb. 9, 1795.

“It is now a month past since I received a letter from you. No account of the Mountcoffer family since. We having

left your daughter Mrs. Gordon in a ticklish state, the folks here are and must remain under anxious concern until we hear how she is . . . Indeed we feel few things more teasing to us than any embarrassing circumstances which may tend to vex your mind. Helen and myself got safely home about a week after we left you. I was inclined to have wrote you sooner but thought it would be no way gratifying to tell you that we found Clemy and Bess not so well as Bettie's letters gave me reason to hope. Clemy sadly tooth-ached, Doctor Dougall has since made her free of one. She is now well and Bettie's asthmatic disorder was a good deal oppressive, and indeed continues so in spite of blistering and other fruitless medical prescriptions. I do not think Helen quite so well as when she was your guest, but generally better than her ordinary. We heard from Peggy this week. She only complains that Miss Tulloh was somewhat more sickly than usual . . . Yours while

JEAN CUMING."

Eliza Cuming, another of the "Sisterhood," writes:

Mathercluny, Feb. 7, 1790.

"My dear Sir,

We had the pleasure to receive your friendly letter. We had before heard of Dr. Robinson's marriage. I always thought him highly deserving of a good wife, and wish the choice he has made may turn out so. If not, I hope she will soon go to another world. You have indeed made an excellent account of Mr. Grant's<sup>1</sup> debt. A god-send indeed of great consequence to us, and you alone

<sup>1</sup>William Grant of Dellachaple, husband of their eldest aunt. See p. 19.

we have to thank for it. After reading your letter we all went to Church, to praise Heaven that we had such a friend able and so willing to serve us who is unable to make any return save gratitude. We are all in the usual way. Helen dowie, tho' not near so bad as she was last Winter.

Your affec. cousin, and hum serv.

ELIZA CUMING."

Another letter from Jean Cuming:—

Jan. 6, 1795.

"I grudge to trouble you with mentioning that James Ellis lost a parcel of our Luggage from off his Chease betwixt Mont coffer and here—the parcel consisted of a wallet containing two Duffel cloaks, a cupple of Camblet shirts, one table cloath and a coarse sheet. Ellis said he would be at all possible pains to recover said articles, however I suspect we must be at the loss."

She seems to have been in request at death-beds.

Forres, June 13, 1795.

"At desire of my Aunt, Mrs. Tulloch, Tannachie, I came here Wednesday last, next day the last friendly Duties were performed to my dear Miss Tulloch. She died Monday the 8th inst. retained all her superior mental faculties to the last and expired without a groan. I know Mrs. T. will have your and Mrs. Rose's sympathy upon this trying occasion. Her manner upon the whole just now I think particularly venerable Resigned and collected. Major Lewis Duff, Blervie<sup>1</sup> and Brodie<sup>1</sup> have kindly assisted her in directing the active parts."

<sup>1</sup>Lord Fife's brother and brother-in-law.

Ardmeallie, Jan. 6, 1796.

“By reason of Mrs. Innes deadly Illness (which continues) I cannot be so soon at your house as inclinations would otherwise have led me—however the good woman’s troubles in all probability must soon be at an end.”

Elgin, 14 Nov., 1800.

“You may believe with feiling concern I sit down to acquaint you of my Dear Sister Helen’s death which this day happened at five o’clock in the morning. An event we have long expected. We have fixed on no time for the interment till you come here which I hope upon receipt of this will be as soon as possible.”

Helen Cuming was at one time Companion to Lady Fife, and had written to William Rose in 1770 and 1771 from Bristol lamenting her terrible distance from home and her uncomfortable situation. She did not remain in it for very long.

Even in the far North of Scotland the echoes of the French Revolution made themselves heard. Jean Cuming writes on 6th February, 1795, to William Rose:

“I am sensible my Dear Friend that you are not without concern about my poor brother William<sup>1</sup> on account of the infatuate distractions and woeful shocking cruelty which prevail in the French nation. I therefore lose no time in acquainting you that we have just now received a meantime comfort on that score. William writes on the 18th January that hitherto he had lived in perfect safety and quiet, and at that time not the least disturb-

<sup>1</sup>Who lived in France at Villeneuve-sur-Yonne.



ance in the place where he resides. He has as yet been able to remain Neuter respecting the Political commotions of that unhappy country. But, he adds, that confusions there are still past description and the inhabitants always in dread of loss and alarms; having neither Government nor any sort of laws in force for their protecting. He is in distress about his eldest son, a French officer, station in Martinico, who he has not heard of since the month of Aprile.”

Thomas Cuming, another brother of this family, writes to W. Rose from “Demerary”:—

July 8, 1774.

“Dear Sir,

I have now to acknowledge rect. of your favour of the 4th Feb., 1774. It gave me great pleasure to hear of your being well and happy—not alone from being my relation, but from the great obligations you have laid me under, from your great kindness and assistance to my Mother and her family which they never fail acquainting me of and that I shall always be grateful for. It is my determined resolution to visit Scotland in the spring and if I can to sell off my estate here. I intend by the way of Holland,<sup>1</sup> where I may have the chance of a purchaser. I have reason to be thankful for my choice of a wife with whom I enjoy a large share of conjugal Felicity—she joins me in wishes to gett to Europe and flaters herself of being very happy amongst my friends.”

<sup>1</sup>For the vicissitudes of the Colony of Demerara, see the account of Philip Tinne, p. 155. Thomas Cuming afterwards went to Jamaica.

William Rose's sister, Rachel, married another member of this family, and writes, much later, to her brother, Patrick, at Arbroath :—

Craigmill, Jamaica, Oct. 4, 1788.

“My dear Brother,

I suppose my letters for years past has not meat with returns. I shew you I regreat it by my constant writing. It's a happiness and the only way to me who providence has placed at such a distance, that absence can be tolerable. I had a letter lately from Br. William. I'm charmed with the account he gives of his young family. I almost envy him for his favourable opportunitys of Education. The disappointment Mr. Cuming has had by being an unfortunate Sugar Planter has distrust him and put it out of our power for some time to send the Children home. I congratulate you my dear sir on what I see announced in the public news of a meeting at Aberdeen in April among the Bishop and Clargy and a generall resolution to conform and pray for King George etc. (This had hitherto not been done among the Scottish Episcopalians, even after the Union.)”

After her brother William's death, Rachel Cuming (*née* Rose), writing in 1809, from Harmony Hill, Jamaica, to her nephew in Banff, Captain David Cuming, says :—

“Your mentioning my brother's family is good and a particular kindness to me. Patrick does not write his old aunt. George Rose's early fate I much lament, poor young man, it must be a great shock to his Mother and family. He had not time to be possessed of much, he

shews himself to be an affectionate son by his remembrance of his mother in what he had acquired. I am happy my dear Mrs. Rose is so fortunate. It's handsome in Lord Huntly to befriend the Widow and Fatherless. You do not mention the two invalids, poor fellows. Where are they? or what is become of them?

It is reported here that Lord F's conduct to my worthy Brother hurt him and hurried him to his Grave, the last part I give no credit to."

(The two invalids were William and John, both hopelessly mad, the dates of whose deaths are not known, but they were apparently still living in 1822 when their youngest brother, Hay, married.)

Janet Cuming, William Rose's aunt, craves his help in obtaining a pension:—

13 May, 1767. Edinburg.

"Dear Sir,

If you could think of speaking to the Earl of Fife and Countess of me, I am weel informed both of them ar Benevlant howmain, Compashnot and buntifully good and that ther Minds ar Leek ther Birth Nobel great and allways ready to put a offess in execousion when they ar satesfied of the Character who they do for. As thy are Benevlant so they ar powerfull and when such goodness is right applayed there is success to be expected. My dear Will, the favor I beg of you is to Solicite my Lord and Lady Fife for ther intrest to get me on the Exchequer. The Barans in this place have so many dependents of ther own that they never listen or give the least ear to such as me—it is not a high Living I want but Bread. Heaven

knows my necessity, only God will bless you for making an application to that Amiable Lord and Lady who they say is all goodness. I with an ardent heart will request the Lord divine the Supreme Jehovah the Father of all to view such a work of Mercy and Charity and Recompence my Lord and Countess of Fife with a large portion of his choicest blessings both Spiritual and temporal—there is no distress in time would make me presume to ask the Earl and Countess to do for me, could the world in any thing taint my character, but if Necessary will get my Character attested by the best in the place and by the Ministers. My dear Will, I can not think of pressing you more as I know you was always disposed to do a good action and am sure if it be what you Can agree to it will be done which is all from, My dear Nephew your most affectionate very obedient humble servant.

JANET CUMING."

When I wrote my Letter your sister was Miss Rose<sup>1</sup> but now have changed that Name. I earnestly pray the Almighty to bless her. I flatter myself it is for her good, the only part I regret is your Sisters Leaving Edinburgh, it does make a great vacance to me, they are two well disposed deserving girls as in any where. My dear Mr. Rose I beg of you for God sake and from your own goodness and out of pity and Compassion to my Distress to use your interest with any in power who have to say with the Chancellor of Exchequer. I am told by those who know very well it is much easier getting it made out in that

<sup>1</sup>Margaret, afterwards Mrs. Falconer.

way, nor by the Barans hear. It gos by parchality—the firs design of that found (fund) was for gentel women in distress but now it is destrebut to the dependents of the Barans or such as have interest with them, without regard to Character. A Lady of pleshour has a better chance than either birth or carактер.

My dear Will, if you can do anything for me in this may you ever be blessed with long life hear in as full felicity as this weered wilderness can affourd. It will be Charity such an offes for I can solemnly declar before the Ever-lesting and trou God that just now am setting without health or anything that can suport Neatur or have Nothing to get it with. I will not trouble you farder with what most be very disagreeable, but leve it to your own goodness and blive me to be with the esteem and affecon due your compashon and frindly-ness your own til death.

J. C.”

The Cumings, though an old family, had fallen on very evil days. It will thus be seen that most of William Rose’s relations, on both his father’s and his mother’s side, were in financial straits, and benefited greatly by his association with Lord Fife.

“Aunt Janet” writes again later:—

Canegate, October 24, 1777.

“My dear Mr. Rose,

I have just come home from the Chockin Cheen (shocking scene) seeing my sister Mrs. Grant’s<sup>1</sup> eyes

<sup>1</sup>Mary Rose writes to her husband about the death of this aunt, and about buying the necessary mourning. See p. 58.

shout. On Munday she was taken ill of a Colack and ever since to this day has been in the greatest extremity and this day at a Leven of the Clock she dyed. I would have wrot your Mother but am not Capable at presant, but how soon she is buried will writ. We are all in very great distress which is all I am Capable to writ just now, but earnestly prays heaven to preserve you and Amible Mrs. Rose to your rising family and I ever am My dear Sir your most affecnat aunt and very hum. servant,

JANET CUMING."

During the hearing of the action brought by William Rose against Lord Fife in 1801, to which allusion has already been made, affectionate and intimate letters from master to servant were quoted, and there is no doubt that the new Earl, who succeeded his father in 1763, was very favourably impressed by the young Rose, and, as has been seen, soon promoted him from the menial position in which he was found, to be a confidential servant, later a clerk and subsequently an assistant factor, and when Rose had thoroughly learnt his job from working with old Stewart of Edinglassie, Innes of Muiryfold, etc., he was called a factor and his wages of £9, as paid by the late Earl, increased by rapid stages to a "salary" of £34, plus board and lodging as before in the Earl's family. This figure was maintained until 1771, when an enlarged "factory" (or charge) of the Moray estates was granted and the salary raised to £50. In 1772, as a further mark of favour, Lord Fife granted him a very advantageous lease for life, at a purely nominal rent, of the excellent farm and dwelling-house of Montcoffer, though it was expressly stated that Rose had no knowledge of farming, but had it "all to learn." Two years later William Rose's

own *autograph* survey of his master's tenants contains this entry, "Mountcoffer, William Rose, a beginner, a *good* farm, a *beautiful* place, a *low* rent, every conveniency and enough to live upon."

Montcoffer is situated in a sheltered spot, two miles from Lord Fife's principal seat of Duff House, and was long the home of the Hon. George Duff, the uncle of the late Duke of Fife, who enlarged the house (which was very small).<sup>1</sup> It is still in the possession of H.R.H. the Princess Royal.

William Rose continued to reside there until his death, thirty-four years later, although during that period he was enabled, with the money he made with his various labours for Lord Fife and others, to buy and sell again the three estates of Gavel, Gask and Haymount. He also engaged in some other financial transactions in which he was sometimes unlucky. He expended large sums on his elder sons in the Army, and, towards the end of his life, was in painfully embarrassed circumstances, and his lawyer sons, James and Patrick, had to make an arrangement with the creditors.

In a letter of February, 1764, Lord Fife laments that Rose's brother, Alexander, should "consider himself a gentleman," and therefore be less attentive to the work which Lord Fife had found for him; paying his passage to Antigua and supplying him with outfit, etc.<sup>2</sup> In March of the same year he apostrophises his factor, Rose, "The Devil take you for not taking my money North with you." It had in consequence become involved in the bankruptcy of the Fairholmes, an Edinburgh bank. From this period the letters are all written in a most

<sup>1</sup>In William Rose's day, it was described by Charles Burney as "Your Arcadian Cottage on the Banks of the Deveron."

<sup>2</sup>Letters from "Sandy" shew that he did very well in the West Indies.

friendly, jovial style, and Lord Fife regales Rose with tit-bits of gossip from London, and thoroughly enjoys those his factor sends him from the North ; the letters are usually signed—Your sincere friend—or Your affectionate Fife.

When he went on his tours abroad, Lord Fife gave to Rose a very full power to act for him, in conjunction with Alex. Stronach, another factor (in office before Rose, whose name occurs *first* in the deed). Lord Fife writes long accounts of his travels, interspersed in a humorous manner, with directions as to the drains and the accommodation for servants at Duff House, etc. The more amusing of these have been printed elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> On his return from the second of these trips in the spring of 1766, Lord Fife writes to Rose, "I could almost hang you for not remitting money to me on my arrival." "You must know that your Lord wants money."

In January, 1773, when William Rose married, Lord Fife wrote him a long and kindly letter of good advice as to his style of living, etc., anxious that he should avoid extravagance and ostentation. It would have been well for the factor if he had taken these recommendations more to heart.

William Rose himself endorsed the letter:—

"Lord Fife, advising and friendly—so have followed it, as much as big great Concerns would admit."

He also annotates another letter from his master, in which he had been rebuked for soiling his letters with snuff:—

"Anent snuff-takin'—Gave it up on this reproach"—but he certainly took to it again later in life.

<sup>1</sup>"Lord Fife and his Factor." William Heinemann, London, 1925.



From his cousin, Margaret Fraser (*née* Rose), William Rose also received, at the time of his marriage, the following letter :—

Inverness, Jan 7th, 1773.

“Dr. Sir,

On my return from the country the other day I received your letter of the 1st of January which gave your aunt and us all pleasure to hear of your change in life and hapyness, the long continuance of which we sincerely wish you and yours—it would give me pleasure to see your wife and wish her joy in person. I think if the season were come in, you might take a jaunt to the north wt. her, and let your friends see her. I am sure your taste is good, at least any sample I saw of it I thought very much so, and I make no doubt of that being the case at present. Its very agreeable that Lord Fife aproves, pity were it that his Lordship's Lot in that state where there's no medium should be so cross.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Fraser and other friends here join me in wishing you, Mrs. Rose, your Mama and Sister many hapy returns of this season. I am ever My Dr. Sir your afft cousin,

MARGT. FRASER.”

Later on, this cousin and her sisters were invited to join the members of the Rose family settled in Virginia, and she writes to William :—

“I wrote my good uncle twice in the most grateful manner my heart could express and at the same time told him that as I was turned old, fat etc., my Mother as well as myself thought it was too hazardous an undertaking, but that

<sup>1</sup>Lord Fife and his wife, Lady Dorothea Sinclair, had been separated in 1771.

Jeany would go with Annie who was much for going and that he would be amply made up wt. either of them for the want of me—in short I said all I could say and gave him their different characters fairly which I bless God is without spot or blemish hitherto. My Mother is perfectly satisfied and happy but was quite averse to my going and I must acknowledge it was a reprieve to me, for the thought of the sea was death. I had a very kind letter from Falconer and wrote him that they should be ready to set out in the course of next week in case a ship was to sail soon for any part in Virginia. I could go the length of Mr. Falconer's with them. If a return Chaise does not cast up the highland road, I shall come by the Aberdeen stage home and shall look in on your lovely ones and see your Beauty, it shall be but a look as I will be anxious to get back to my poor Mother who is much failed and will be miserable while she thinks them at sea. Our friend Mrs. Forbes is a worthy good woman, tho' unlucky in her husband. I dare say you knew him, he is mostly confined to Bed now. Would to God he had been that these dozen years back!

Your affec.

MARGT. FRASER."

Shortly before this date Rose's salary was increased by Lord Fife to £100 a year, and also made an annuity for life, independent of whether Rose should continue to work for Lord Fife or not. As time went on, he did more and more confidential work for Lord Fife, being very much concerned in all the arrangements for the separation of Lord and Lady Fife, and the husband's last letter of dignified remonstrance with his wife exists only in its copy in Rose's hand.

The following letter shows how, very early in their connection, he was trusted by Lord Fife in all financial matters:—

Duff House, 6 Nov., 1767.

“My Lord,

I expected to have this post the pleasure of a letter from your Ldp. from London and that my Lady and your Ldp. have got safely there which I am very anxious to be told of. Sir James Innes<sup>1</sup> was here yesterday from Braco House, where the Com. Mr. Thos. and Murray were. He came of purpose to settle his £4000 and I was ready for him which in an hour we ended. And I took his receipt and obligation for the money in Terms of your Lop's Bond, so that affair is out of doors and the bulk of Term matters over. I have got all the money yet wanted at 4½ and will ask no more, because your Lop's other funds will answer every purpose. Lady Innes has again altered her mind, Sir Jas. tells me that on Munday she flits to Elgin so that Tuesday he is resolved to sell of the furniture and has advertised it accordingly. Mr. Mellis and I go there Munday to buy some things for your Lop's use.”

Also in all matters connected with the various households:—

Duff House, 24 April, 1772.

“My Lord,

I have engaged Abram Sime for three years from Whitsun at £8 and liverys for your Lordship's gardener and porter at Whitehall. He is to go for London in a few days with Bull's Smack and I hope he will be some time

<sup>1</sup>Of Innes. He sold his estate to Lord Fife in this year.

there to learn before your Lordship leaves town—he writes well and compts tolerably. I tried him in both and inclosed is a sample of his writing. . . . As your Lordship is pleased to observe I am indeed sorrie to see so much doing at Whitehall (these were the extensive alterations to Fife House and Garden). May I presume to inform your Lop. that there is hudge expenses in the country when the other day in Murray I saw 75 men in the field. . . . Besides the heavy charges of late, making those purchases in Murray last summer, to the extent of near 5000 guineas.<sup>1</sup> . . . I am averse to trouble you upon this subject, I humbly ask your pardon for venturing so much, if it does not become me.”

(As a good Scot, Rose could not bear to see the money derived from rents in the north being expended in London, though, indeed, he received instructions from Lord Fife at various times to send up stones, soil, shrubs and *workmen* !)

The following letter shews another of Rose's activities:—

Keith, 25th Sept., 1792.

“Sir,

You would no doubt have heard of an English gentleman that landed at Macduff with a Vessel from Hull loaded with wood. He is a very keen Sportsman which I think with a bottle has been his favourite amusement. He has got a liberty from the Duke of Gordon to hunt upon his Grace's property in this corner. He also solicited Lord Fife for the same indulgence which his Lordship

<sup>1</sup>Purchase of Innes, etc.

granted and sent an answer by Post which Mr. Stronach and Mr. Soutar delivered upon the 19th day at Keith market. This gentleman Thomas Martin Esq. Quay Hall, Cambridgeshire, has made me an offer to go to that place which I refused. I told that I had a gentleman's promise to put me to the Customs in Scotland and that I would depend upon the Gentleman's Veracity who has hitherto still provided for me and I would make no agreement without his sanction and approbation and I would give the answer soon. Please send me your explicate answer. I am not fond of England, when I am now old I would wish to pass the short time I have to live in Scotland. I am

Your most obedient humble servant,

ALEXR. McROBERT."

In a letter of 31st May, 1776, William Rose gives Lord Fife news of an old tenant, a relative of Rose's:—

"Old Mr. Cuming made his departure yesterday, he had never been out of door since the day your Lsp. saw him at the Bridge, and he spoke of it to me the other day, saying my Lord would not think him serious at the time, but he regreted that your Lop. would have no chance of seeing him, as he said, going to the Grave. He is to be buried Monday."

In spite of long absences in London, attending to his Parliamentary duties, and at Mar for deer-stalking, Lord Fife found time to cultivate a personal relationship with most of his tenants, and Rose kept him well posted in all domestic events.

Lord Fife also entrusted to William Rose the arrangements made for the education and maintenance of his three illegitimate children, and the pension to his daughter, Jean, during the whole of her life was paid by Rose.<sup>1</sup> The sons were both very intimate with the Rose family, and the elder, afterwards Sir James, was, in his early youth, anxious to marry Mrs. Rose's younger sister, Jane, who became Mrs. Law. William, the younger son wrote to William Rose the following remarkable letter for a boy of seventeen. He had already been for several months with his regiment:—

Chatham Barracks,

July 14th, 1771.

“My dear Sir,

I received your agreeable letter and can assure you it gives me infinite pleasure to hear of your Welfare and happiness. I should be happy to see you at Duff house after our Review (which is ye 10th of next month) but am afraid will find it a very difficult task to obtain leave. I shall write Lord Fife inclosing a letter from our Major to him which will inform his Lordp. if there is any possibility of such a thing. I suppose you have heard of his Lordp's generous allowance besides my pay. I have now about one hundred and twenty Pound Pr. Annum, which is a pretty Income and might make me a Laird in Scotland.

You ask for Politicks and such as I can give you—you are most heartily welcome to. I must tell you first—I am no Wilkite—nor do I expect any other favours from

<sup>1</sup>It was at one time reported that Rose was going to marry her. She would, indeed, have been nearer his age than Mary Robinson, who was 17 years his junior; Jean Duff was 12 years younger than he.

the King than what I have, at least for sometime. Imprimis. I suppose you have heard of Mr. Wilkes being elected Sheriff of London among the middle and by the consent of a great number of Mobility and for such people they have made no bad choice, especially the following Qualifications *being absolutely necessary for a Sheriff of London* :—

A Brass Conscience (such as Crosbys).

A despiser of truth (such as Wilks).

An envious temper (such as Wilks).

A lover of all sorts of Debaucheries (such as Wilks).

A raiser of Mobbs, tumults, jealousies, etc.

A good Taylor (for turning coats).

A mind destitute of Humanity.

Now, my friend, a man like this, endowed with such Qualifications as these, cannot fail meeting with the approbation of the Citizens of London. I'm afraid Mr. Hume will not preach Mr. Wilk's funeral Sermon, nor do I think he will dy his Coat red in his Service, and as to the Lord Mayor he would not care to desert the Cause—he only waits for iron shutters for his windows. Townshend and Sawbridge went up with the Remonstrance and looked as if they had stole sheep, and much disappointed at not kissing his Majesty's hand, and I take it will soon fulfil one of the Qualificatons I have mentioned—turn their coats. Wilkes Partner is a Bull and I assure you the Citizens of London never made a greater.

God bless you, Mr. Rose,  
Your truly affectionate and obliged,  
WILLIAM DUFF."

He also wrote a good many other letters to Rose while with the forces in America.

From Philadelphia on January 23, 1778.

“My most humble devoirs and affectionate compliments to your lady. Should she have the good fortune to have a Daughter<sup>1</sup> tell her to instill her with a favorable opinion of an old and prudent husband, for if the Rebels spare me I have an ambition to become her son-in-law and to spend the remainder of my days in the neighbourhood of Mont-coffer. Being persuaded that none of those I left *young Ladies* will wait for me.”

He was then 24!

In the same year he writes of the peace negotiations with the revolted American colonists. “We are at a loss to know what measures will now be persued, they must certainly be either vigorous or entirely pacifick. There can be no medium, consistent with safety and honor.”

A letter from William Rose from Duff House in 1765 gives some of the local gossip, which so much amused his master:—

“Your Lop. will be a good deal surprised to hear of Sir Wm. Dunbar’s marriage with Mrs. Bartlett—it has been spoke of 10 days but not believed; it seems the news of it came to Lady Fife’s ears and her Ladyship yesterday fell upon him at Birkenbog, wt high words at which he took the pett, and came into the town that forenoon, and was married by Mr. Morgan. The Contract of marriage was

<sup>1</sup>Mary Rose, the younger, was born on 26th March, 1778, but did not wait for William Duff. He at one time aspired to the hand of Catherine Gordon of Gight, who afterwards married Captain John Byron.



made by Mr. Dirom who has been consulted in the affair. The Celebrator is affraid of prosecution, but the talk of the town is that he has the Sheriff-Substitutes warandice and it is reported that a sham fine is to be inflicted in order to screen him from further prosecution. This news occasions great talk especially as it has been gone about so suddenly after the 1st Lady's death, quite contrary to any of the Knight's friends. The young lady refused him at first as the story is told, but by the persuasion of her friends she was forced to marry an old man and is secured in an annuity of only £30 a year in the event of his death. Mr. Dunbar and all the Miss Dunbars are in town and were called by the father this day from Durn. Sir Wm. is quite happy and has appeared this day quite well pleased, acknowledging his joy and his marriage."

Throughout the whole of his work for Lord Fife, William Rose was also employed in political matters. Votes in those days were only possessed by persons holding an estate of the yearly value of £400 Scots direct from the Crown. The great land owners were in the habit of granting "superiorities" over small portions of their estates to relatives and other sure partizans, and the agents of each political party were very active in trying to find flaws in the grants made by their opponents. One of Rose's correspondents hope that "the work of splitting goes on well"—this was making several votes out of one. Rose was specially useful in this kind of work, and it was one of the employments which he long afterwards claimed to have been outside his proper work as a factor—and for which he claimed large arrears of special pay, though the expenses incident to it had been entered annually and discharged in his Factory accounts.

He was also very active in managing the various Parliamentary elections in which Lord Fife, his son, James, and other relations and friends were concerned. At that period the County Authorities fixed the dates of the various elections, and these were carefully arranged by the party who first secured the writs, to enable or prevent as the case might be, plural voting—and a man like Rose, who probably knew all the voters personally, was invaluable.<sup>1</sup>

The following letters show how William Rose had to deal with the inner wheels of the political machine in the North :—

Rannes, 13 Ap., 1787.

“My Lord,

In consequence of your Lordship's last post, I have come this far on my way to Castle Grant, which I will reach tomorrow. I am sorrie to find any disafection in Mr. Skene. I well remember that the 24 Dec., 1785,<sup>2</sup> the morning of my return from Gordon Castle and after the Duke's silence, your Lp. called for Mr. Skene to the Librarie, and explained your distress—at the same time you explained in plain terms your anxious wish to keep by Mr. Dundas and asked his promise to go to him with you to show your goodwill to support Government in Mr. Dundas's sight, he assented by a cordial acknowledgment of his obligations wishing to be guided by your Lop. Sir

<sup>1</sup>In 1788 there were in the County of Aberdeen 178 voters, in Banffshire 122 and in Moray 77.

<sup>2</sup>The date on which Alexander Garden of Troup, the Member for Aberdeenshire, died. George Skene of Skene was chosen in his place, largely by the support of Lord Fife, whose brother had married Skene's sister. He was succeeded by James Ferguson in 1790.

James Duff was present. Rannes is well and always your Lordship's friendship.

I have the honor to be my Lord,  
Your Lps faithful servant,  
WILLIAM ROSE."

In another long letter, after several pages of his own views on the political situation in 1787, William Rose adds:—"Perhaps I am wrong, and indeed I am afraid that I am, in going into so close inquisition, but my attachment will plead my excuse and the good meaning of my soul may bring a pardon for my officious part. . . . Thus, my Lord, have I plainly said what I think, and I have already mentioned I rely for pardon. I will glorie to see your Lordship at ease, its a short period this Life, even the best—its a pity with all the independence of the world, your acquired character, your ample fortune and private wisdom if your wishes are not better accomplished by quiet."

Rose had a great opinion of Lord Fife's political wisdom and of his weight in the country, and an almost feudal feeling towards him personally.

In another letter he says:—"I hope your Lordship will get the better of your envious enemies, and quiet and peace restored. The great wish of your Lop's faithful and humble servant.—WILL. ROSE."

The date of the next is September, 1791:—

"My Lord,

After receiving a letter of the 19th, from Mr. Dundas, I sett out for Gordon Castle and had an audience by 8 o'clock on Friday morning the heads of which I put into a memorandum enclosed. I found Mr. Dundas easy

and the appearance of candour and friendship. . . . Mr. Ferguson was there and unites in a wish for future quiet which I am satisfied will be brought about. I found the Dutchess (of Gordon) very civile, approving of Lord Fife's solitude as preferable to her crowds—35 people at breakfast, The Aberdeen family, Lord Haddo and Lady, Ld. Findlater, Ballindalloch, young Grant and ladies. . Mr. D—s did express himself warmly affected to yr Lop. All noise of new votes will be for this year in silent states, for the Duke is to claim nowhere. I shall enroll all ours in Banff, but in Elgin I shall not appear. We have but two claims here. After I had gone to Fochabers a message from the Duchess arrived, wishing to see me. I returned, but tho' the course was laid of politicks she was closeted half an hour and came to me with a deal of civility insisting of me not to go away and regrating I should be called back since that was not convenient."

The following letter from William Rose to Mr. John Cumine of Auchry shows how some of the elections were conducted:—

Montcoffer, 19 Nov., 1806.

"Dear Sir,

I have just received your favour binding yourself to be absent from the Aberdeenshire election on the 24th Curr. upon condition of my tying off with you and in consideration thereof I now become bound to absent myself also from that election and hereby declare that I am to tye off with you on that occasion.

I remain yrs etc.

WILL. ROSE."

Lord Fife had presented William Rose (who had no vote of his own) with a qualification to vote in all three counties. Those in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire were sold after his death for the sums of £525 and £600 to Francis Garden of Troup and David Soutar respectively. The Morayshire vote, which had been granted to William Rose and his heirs male only, was the subject of much dispute, but was eventually “conveyed” to Sir James Duff<sup>1</sup> for £420.

That it was not only relations who endeavoured to sponge on the factor is shown by the following:—

Written from the Tolbooth of Banff.

2 May, 1776.

“Sir,

Tho’ I have not the favour of being personally acquainted with you, yet as you are the only Gentleman in this place who to my knowledge is in the least acquainted with our family (having heard my Mother say that you was some nights with her at Blarvie a few years ago in my absence) I will even venture, though you will no doubt think my assurance large, to give you an opportunity of laying me under the greatest obligation to your goodness, by soliciting the loan of two £5 notes, in order to assist me in a very pressing emergency. I am with great respect and esteem.

Sir, Your most obedient and humble servant,  
JAMES PORTEOUS.”

The answer, if any, has not been preserved—but many other letters from James Porteous, both to William Rose

<sup>1</sup>Lord Fife’s natural son and one of his executors.

and to Lord Fife, exist. He lived long in Macduff and was a noted eccentric.

In 1791, poor William Rose met with an accident. He seems to have been inspecting the farm buildings at Duff House, and to have fallen through a trapdoor in a loft and injured his leg. Lord Fife was genuinely concerned, and wrote many letters, both to William and his wife, especially counselling the latter not to cosset her "little man" when he was beginning to get better again. One of Rose's friends, the Minister of Rhynie, wrote as follows:—

9th Aug., 1791.

"Very sorry am I, my kind Friend, that your confinement has been so tedious. I have often heard of you from Banff, and therefore did not tease you with enquiries. The tendon is not divided as it was in Dr. Gordon's case, and therefore your Recovery must be quicker. Quick may it be! and if ever my prayers were heard, may they be heard on this occasion.

The moment the Peats are home I will be with you, and gladly would I sit a week that you could walk a mile.

Heaven restore you. Amen.—JAMES MILNE."

Vast numbers of letters from William Rose to his master on all subjects have been preserved, shewing the care with which he managed all the estate business, the leases or tacks, the tenants, etc., though he himself was quite useless as a farmer, not having been bred to that trade and never apparently having had time to learn it. Lord Fife once twits him with having engaged a grieve who did not know his business, which Rose proposed to teach him. "Do you have the face to think you can instruct him; unless indeed it were to plough with the pen."

That he did not escape the opprobrium so often the lot of Agents is shewn by the following anonymous letter :

“Ye eternal damned deceitful Wretch,

I would advise you without delay to lay aside all your cruel actions and tyrannical proceedings and not to advise that naturally hellish and wicked monster, you know who I mean, to commit such horrid and unlawful acts of oppression as he daily does. Your inspiror has too many to assist himself without the aid of such a cruel machine as you. I shall not mention any of your infernal actions as your own conscience, if you have any, might cause you suffer a little punishment, little indeed besides what waits you if you still persevere in such ways. But it appears nothing but hell will stop your career, for you cloke your diabolical deeds under such coverings that you may escape the hand of man, but you cannot escape the vengeance of heaven which may send you headlong to the infernal lake where you will be bound with adamant chains in darkness visible for ever, for your past conduct. It becomes me and every lover of the human race to rebuke the like of you and I do it in as mild a manner as your great offences will admit of. In hopes you will be better to the poor this year than you ever was before—I am an earnest hater of all such rascals as you.

The reason I write so incorrect and has so many blunders is because I never before wrote on such a subject and I would not have begun yet had not humanity commanded to use all means to relieve the oppressed from your ironical yoke.”

In 1787, Rose became a Shareholder and Director of the Bank of Aberdeen, having first asked Lord Fife's permission, which was somewhat unwillingly given, the master foreseeing future financial trouble for his servant. Shortly afterwards, his friend and colleague, John Durno, advised Rose to "sell out at any price." The advice was not taken, and Rose was unlucky in various ventures. It was not, however, so much speculation, which led to his financial ruin, but rather his extravagant daily expenditure and foolish pride in his remote descent from an old family which led him to try and ape the country gentleman, to buy estates for himself and to bring up his eldest sons to spend and not to earn.<sup>1</sup> In his earlier days and while his children were young, he had to content himself with the "one fat serving lass," alluded to by Lord Fife, when taxation of women servants was mooted in Parliament, but in 1790, according to the claim against him for Taxes, he kept one man. Horses and chaise-hire for his business journeys were always naturally provided by Lord Fife, but later on, Rose attempted to set up his own carriage. It was doubtless one of the many items which led to his bankruptcy.

In order to leave no stone unturned in his family's interest, he, at one time, wrote to the successful politician, George Rose (without, however, making any claim of kinship) in the following terms:—

Gask by Turriff. Jan., 1800.

"Sir. I hope you will pardon this presumption from the parent of 12 children, of whom 8 are sons. They have

<sup>1</sup>All this is abundantly evident from his large correspondence and the files of bills which he kept; also from a number of Lord Fife's letters to him, written long before the crash came; notably one in which Lord Fife laments, "I do not see *one* of your sons pointing towards a farm." Rose had asked to have the advantageous lease of Montcoffer extended for the life of a son, and this was the reply.



been educated to the best of my ability and some of them comfortably provided.<sup>1</sup> My son George<sup>2</sup> is bred a surgeon, after attending Colleges and the different semenarys at Edinburgh for some years and, if I am not partial, will give satisfaction in any society and a good account of his studies. My son Andrew was also regularly educated and studied languages and mathematics, is a tolerable accountant and in the profession of Banking and mercantile concerns, pretty studious.<sup>3</sup>

May I therefore entreat for them your protection in their beginning. A small situation would aid their industry and gratify me, relying on your benevolence. I hope this solicitation will meet your kindly reception and forgiveness. My character is known to Mr. Dundas, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Alec. Brodie and Mr. Henry Mackenzie.

Remaining with great regard and attachment

Sir

Yr faithfull and humb. servant,

WILL. ROSE."

This, of course, is the rough copy or scroll of the letter, preserved by Rose himself. There is no record as to whether any answer was vouchsafed.

<sup>1</sup>It is doubtful about which of the sons he could have said this in 1800, except James, the eldest, who was "provided" with an heiress wife. William was "confined" in charge of a doctor, John had recently exchanged from one regiment to another, under a cloud, Alexander was begging for "relief from bailiffs," Patrick was a writer's clerk in Edinburgh, for the sixth and seventh sons William Rose is here appealing; and Hay was a child of thirteen, at day school in Banff. Mary, as the wife of William Gordon, was certainly provided for, since, at 21, she was already the mother of four children.

<sup>2</sup>Who was just eighteen.

<sup>3</sup>Andrew was sixteen.

William Rose had, by this time, completely broken with Lord Fife, though, even in 1799, he had accepted the latter's interest to advance his scapegrace son, Alexander, in the Army;<sup>1</sup> but, in 1800, he was preparing his portentous "Case" against his former master, which came before the Court of Session early in 1801.

Having, therefore, no longer a friend at Court in London, he tried to make the most of his acquaintance with the leading lights of Edinburgh, with whom he had been associated in his political work for Lord Fife.

Henry Dundas (Viscount Melville) as Lord Advocate and Joint Keeper of the Seal for Scotland, and later as Privy Councillor and Treasurer of the Navy, was long known as "the uncrowned king of Scotland." As Home Secretary, Secretary for War and First Lord of the Admiralty, his Power increased, and his fall did not occur till just before Pitt's death, more than five years after the date of this letter.

James Ferguson was one of Pitt's most devoted adherents. He represented Aberdeenshire for thirty years in the House of Commons, 1790-1820, and left it on record that "only on two occasions during that period had he differed from Mr. Pitt and then after mature reflection, he realised that Pitt was right and he wrong."

Alex. Brodie was a relative of the late Lyon king at arms (head of the Scottish Heralds Office) and of the late M.P. for Nairn, also a connection by marriage of Lord Fife.

Henry Mackenzie, the Novelist, who had married one of Lord Fife's relatives, Penuel Grant, was also a protégé and friend of Pitt, and was ultimately appointed by him Comptroller of Taxes in Scotland.

<sup>1</sup>Lord Fife's letter on the subject exists.

George Rose, who is frequently mentioned in the memoirs of the time, and was of the Kilravock family and grandfather of Lord Strathnairn, was originally a purser in the Navy, but, by the interest of Lord Marchmont, he became Keeper of Exchequer Records, and later, President of the Board of Trade and Treasurer of the Navy. He was one of the inner circle of Pitt's intimates; also one of the King's friends, as the latter stayed with him twice at his country seat near Weymouth, and he must have possessed considerable power and interest; it is quite possible that William Rose's sixth son may have owed his advancement in the Naval Medical Service, and subsequent appointment in India, to some pulling of strings on the part of his powerful namesake in London. Young George seems to have been in the true sense of the word the most "respectable" of William Rose's eight sons, and to have helped his parents in their times of distress out of his own hard-earned savings. In the pathetic schedule of the money that Patrick Rose, the 5th son, collected, or hoped to collect, to pay the debts of his dead father is noted, "George, had he lived, had promised me £200."

William Rose had another amusing transaction with Henry Dundas when the latter had promised him a lucrative appointment, and Rose's brother-in-law, George Robinson, W.S., called on Dundas to see whether the promise was to be fulfilled.

"Re the Sheriff clerkship of Moray.

19 Nov., 1789.

George Robinson to William Rose.

I have had an audience of Mr. Dundas, and was graciously received. He said that he was much disposed to render you a service, at the same time that he had in some

measure come to a resolution of not disposing of Sheriff clerkships in Reversion.<sup>1</sup> In the present instance however he was inclined to relax from this plan on your account, but that he had not yet made up his mind as to the sum he would accept of. That he was going away to Perthshire for about ten days, and before his return would make up his mind on that point, and desired I would then come to him and we would resume consideration of the business. The above as nearly as I can remember is what passed betwixt us, but from the manner he spoke I am almost certain you may consider the business as done. You will believe when I hear of his return the Pownie will be saddled for an excursion to Melville Castle<sup>2</sup> for be assured my dear Friend there are few engagements in life more pleasing to me than the office of contributing to the welfare and Interest of you and yours.

Being with religious truth,

Your affec. Br.

G. ROBINSON.

I have paid Willie's dues to the Corporation of Surgeons. Indenture etc. Cost £8: 6: 1."

William Rose insured his life for £500, but at his death there seemed to be considerable doubt as to whether all the premiums had been duly paid, and the policy could not be found, though this sum was counted among the assets when his sons had to take over the management of his affairs. Another amount which was quoted was £500,

<sup>1</sup>That is before the death of the holder.

<sup>2</sup>In another letter George Robinson writes, "The Treasurer of the Navy has opened shop in his new residence of Melville Castle. You might chance to see him there."

claimed by him for improvements made to the dwelling house and farm steading of Montcoffer (for which he only paid £21 rent). This item was "allowed" by Lord Fife after Rose's death, as he was anxious to make as good a provision as possible for Mrs. Rose. William's seventh son, Andrew, writing to his mother from Demerara, after his father's death, and after having heard a good deal of abuse of Lord Fife from various members of the family, alludes to "Lord Fife's not-unkindness to you." (In Banffshire parlance, that is no mean praise!)

As early as the year 1788 William Rose had begun to claim more money from Lord Fife on the plea that his agreed salary as Factor did not cover all his legal and political work. Sometimes £10,000, sometimes larger sums were mentioned, as the accumulation of his years of service. He also at one time made the outrageous claim of £1,800 as arrears of his annuity, though he had been drawing his salary all the time, and the deed in which Lord Fife conferred upon him £100 a year for life expressly said that it was to be as salary as long as he earned it, and to become annuity only when the connection between the two ceased. The claim was withdrawn by William Rose at a personal interview with Lord Fife, with deep apologies and "with tears in his eyes," he alleging the great expense of his growing family as the reason for having made it. This was in 1790. The other preposterous demands were, however, persisted in, and a case was brought by Rose against Lord Fife in the Court of Session in 1801. It was given against him, both originally and on appeal; he was so ill-advised as to carry the matter (at great expense) to the House of Lords, and finally lost it again in 1806. For the remaining year of his life (he died of apoplexy on 30th March, 1807) he was terribly harrassed by his creditors. Eventually they agreed to accept a dividend of 7s. in the pound, and

some years after his death the sons were enabled to pay a further 9s. 6d. Various members of the family helped towards this. Lord Fife paid to the representatives of his late Factor £1,800 being the annuity for the years during which litigation had lasted, chaplainry dues from a *Sinecure* Lord Fife had obtained for him and some other items, to make things easier, and, in consequence, received a full discharge from Pat. Rose and Stewart Soutar<sup>1</sup> of "all and every claim which the late William Rose had against him during his life." The plea advanced was, of course, ludicrous, as all accounts between master and servant for services and out of pocket expenses had been settled yearly, but there is no doubt that Rose had done a vast amount of work, both politically and otherwise, for Lord Fife, and had been of very great service to him.

As the Lord President of the Court of Session said when summing up the case in 1802, it seemed a pity that "after nearly forty years of confidential friendship, these two men could not have gone on for a few years longer, when in all probability one or other of them would have been in their graves," but Rose preferred to bring his case, and lost it.

He had been, as has been already said, a noted antiquary, and his skill was often in request by many clients. When Lord Fife had his famous dispute over the salmon fishing rights in the Deveron, Rose was able to hunt up charters and precedents dating back to the 12th century.

Several Scots peers made use of his skill and knowledge in establishing old titles, and Lord Fife was in the habit of introducing Rose to any one who required work of this kind, and of insisting too that the antiquary was properly paid for his trouble.

<sup>1</sup>Stewart Soutar succeeded William Rose in the factorship.

From long practice, Rose became extremely skilful in managing intricate law matters. On 5th December, George Robinson, who was in charge of the Edinburgh affairs, wrote to his brother-in-law, "Lord Fife left on Tuesday in very good humour. He owes you a 'day in harvest' over the Excambion."

When Rose was helping to unravel the tangled affairs of his wife's cousin, Provost Robinson, who had failed in his business as a stocking manufacturer, George Robinson, his brother-in-law, had written, "There is no occasion for you to toil like a horse without being properly rewarded." This brother-in-law used to twit William Rose with his large family, and when the latter was engaged in recruiting for the Volunteers, G. Robinson wrote, "If you are as good at raising men as you are at begetting them, you should have a regiment by now."

He somewhat envied his brother-in-law's eight sons, having himself at this period one son and five daughters, and adds, "When I come to the country next summer you must give me your recipe."<sup>1</sup>

A few other letters which add to the picture of the domestic life of the Rose family are added:—

<sup>1</sup>On another occasion George Robinson wrote from Edinburgh:—

6 Nov., 1782.

"Vivres (provisions) of all kinds are doubling their price. Edinburgh 'twopenny' (ale) is now converted to threepenny, and everything else in proportion. The Contagion has even reached the Oysters."

To Lord Fife on 9th June, 1791, he wrote:—

"My Lord—I wish your Lordship had not passed so rapidly through Edinburgh as, believe me, there are some people here who would rejoice in seeing you in health and spirits and would bring forth the best in the larder to refresh you from the fatigue of your journey. It is unfortunate for our fair city that you should always take your passage by the Cowgate as I must admit that it would baffle the ingenuity of the whole Bar to make even a plausible defence for that Temple of Cloacina. But let me entreat that when your Lordship is again on the wing, you will perch for a single day in Queen Street, when I hope to convince you that the above Goddess is now confined to one corner of our rising Capital."

Mrs. William Forbes to Mrs. Rose.

London, 29 Sept., 1781.

“I am extremely sorry my dear Mrs. Rose that the only time I did myself the pleasure of adressing you on paper, my letter should miscarry, which would not have happened had I sent it to the General Post Office, but unluckily I sent it to a receiving office in Hampstead where we were all summer, it was enclosed in a cover to Lord Fife and under the seal was fixed with great care a small key which belonged to the tea chest and this we have reason to believe was the cause of the unfortunate letter’s fate, for no doubt the key was supposed to be money. Our servant swore to putting it in at Hampstead and every enquiry was made to recover it but to no purpose. What vexed me principally was the difficulty I imagine you must find in getting the chest opened. How does both your Mothers? I mean Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Robinson? I beg to be respectfully remembered to both. That every real happiness may attend my dear Mrs. Rose, her good man and their little ones is the heartfelt wish of their ever affect.

MARGT. FORBES.”

A curious little storm in a tea-cup is revealed by the two following letters. The Rev. James Simmie, for so long the minister of Rothiemay, was, in his early days, tutor to the Rose boys. He seems to have resided in the house of Montcoffer, and sends the following note to Mrs. Rose (the 35-year-old mother of twelve children):—



Montcoffer, April 3, 1792.

“Dear Madam,

You had not patience to converse with me in the forenoon and therefore I take this opportunity of explaining myself by writing. You know very well that I have acted in every respect as became me ever since I lived in your family. Your interference with my rights as a teacher I have several times complained of, and as often overlooked and forgiven because you were good enough to express your regret. You promised (and I thought I might rely on your promise) that you would not interfere with my rights again and that you would confer with me privately about anything that might create a difference betwixt us, but you have always broken your promise. This in an instance or two I could impute to warmth of temper to be regarded with indulgence, but when I find so many instances of the same and such studied indiscretions as you showed me today, I cannot but think myself entitled to complain. I am much astonished that a trifle should have led you to treat me so. I therefore beg you’ll explain yourself. If that is only a pretence for some other ground of quarrel which I know not, let it be heard. There is no need of shifts or evasions of any kind. I am an honest man and I love sincerity.

I am, dear Madam,

Your very obedt. servt.

JAMES SIMMIE.”

The reply was as follows:—

“Mrs. Rose thinks herself the injured person and there is so many accusations in the letter Mr. Simmie

sent her that it cannot be answered till Mr. Rose returns. As that is the case Mr. Simmie's vituals will be sent to his room till he returns."

In August of the same year the Rev. James Simmie is already complaining of the want of repairs to "my Manse of Rothiemay," so the strained situation at Montcoffer did not last long. The account of the inspection by the Presbytery, accompanied by builders, carpenters, etc., is also preserved, and it is interesting to note that the complaints of the new Incumbent were not found to be justified.

Lord Fife had a profound dislike of the minister of Rothiemay, who succeeded his own cousin, William Duff, and alludes to him in one letter to William Rose as "Your horrid Simmie."

When the Volunteer movement was at its height, William Rose, though verging on sixty, took an active part in raising men, both from Banff and from Macduff, of which place he was the first Provost. He became Captain of a Company, and is sometimes chaffed by his soldier sons on his military rank. In 1803 he received the following letter from the Minister of Banff:—

Manse of Banff, 15 Aug.

"Dear Sir,

Well knowing that it would afford my brother much pleasure to do any good office in his power to you and the other Gentlemen of your Company of Volunteers, I beg leave in his name to offer you the use of the bowling Green at the Castle as an exercise ground and to send the key by this Bearer. Permit me at the same time to convey to you and my other parishioners and fellow Citizens belonging to your Company the poor tribute of my

approbation and thanks for the handsome offer you have made of your services to his Majesty at this 'truly alarming' crisis. The cheerfulness and alacrity with which you have come forward on this occasion, and the Zeal you display in acquiring a knowledge of the military art do you the highest honour. The Banff volunteers I trust may never be called to the field of Battle, but if in the course of Divine Providence their active exertions are required to repel the Invasion of an exasperated and rancorous enemy, I am confident they will quit themselves like men and Britons. My profession precludes me from joining your Society, but I shall ever feel a lively interest in the Glorious cause you have espoused and in your welfare whether as a Body or Individuals.

That you may all long live to enjoy the inestimable Blessings and Privileges you are now engaged to defend, is the sincere wish and prayer of

Your faithful hum. servant,

ABER. GORDON."

William Rose managed to make use of his soldier sons to help with his volunteer Company:—

Addressed to Captain William Rose  
at Mr. Robinson's, Edinburgh.

Macduff, 10 Dec., 1795.

"Sir

I was duly favoured with yours of the 27th inst. I understand your family at Banff and Montcoffer are all well. Mrs. Rose has had a letter from Captain William—he is well and still in England. Mr. John has been put

ashore at Shields but they are all safe and sound. We are at a mighty loss since he left us in learning anything new but we are making pretty decent progress in what we have been taught. Mr. Wilson and I do all we can, we had parade yesterday for more than three hours, but the backwardness of the weather for some time past has not been much in our favour. The Company has already made insinuations of pay day. If you think you cannot be here soon, it will be necessary to send an order to get the money from Mr. Reid. The whole Company is in town and very good attendance given at parade, only two absent last night, the one indisposed, having had a fall upon the frost, and the other had leave of absence to a funeral.

Yr. most obed. serv. T. A. JAMIESON."

The following from his brother-in-law, William Robinson, shews the difficulties of recruiting for the regular army (minor misdemeanants were often accepted with enthusiasm):—

No date.

"My dear Sir,

I intended to have been at Montcoffer today but waiting to know the fate of the prisoners and to see to have them inlisted for you—(that is for one of Rose's sons). One of them is at present inlisted with Capt. Irvine—he gives him 25 guineas. I offered 23 and perhaps would have ventured to 26 but I began to see that they would have gone to the length of £30 which I think would be highly imprudent, for I much fear if he is not a deserter he will soon be one. The other fellow seems at present determined against inlisting but I have advised Cooper to see him again in the evening. I could do no more."

His brother-in-law, George Robinson, W.S., writes on 4th April, 1781, concerning this frequent method of recruiting of those days:—

“Captain Cumine, Achry’s<sup>1</sup> son, informs me that there is two men in the prison (committed by Mr. McGregor) for theft. They are willing to enlist with Mr. Cumine. It will be obliging if you can prevail on Mr. McGregor to allow them to enlist.”

Other occasions on which the factor was concerned with the military are shewn in the following:—

Banff, 6 Aug., 1788.

“Major Sutherland presents his Compliments to Mr. Rose—one of the Highland soldiers was struck with a stick yesterday by one of Lord Fife’s servants while they were at work in the hay. As the Major never suffers the men to take redress till their complaints are inquired into, he begs Mr. Rose will ask the servant the reason for striking the soldier, who would have been severely punished if he had given cause to provoke the servant to use such improper freedom. The Major will not suffer his men to be ill-treated nor can he be answerable for the consequences if libertys are taken with them that he himself avoids.”

The letter is annotated by Rose “Mett with Major and made up the matter entirely to all parties satisfaction.” He was justly renowned for his tact in the management of difficulties.

<sup>1</sup>Auchry.

From another soldier :—

London, 20 April, 1783.

“My dear Parents,

Agreeable to your demand and according to my Promise, I spock to my Master who was so good as to write an order to Master Rose, Lord Fife’s steward, for to remit you two guineas which I hope you have received by this time if you have not dear father you will go to Master Rose who will give you the said sum and be sure and write me emediately and let me know whither you have had the money or not.

Direct as before under cover to the Earl of Fife’s, Whitehall London.

No more at present but remains your dutifull son till death

ALEX. SUTHERLAND.

*Turn over, P.S.*—Loving father and mother I have the happiness to Enform you that I am no longer a Soulger. I had my discharge some days ago. Remember my kind love to my sister. (At the foot of the letter is)—

Montcoffer, 8 May, 1783.

Received from William Rose Esq. the within mentioned 2. 2. 0.

DANIEL SUTHERLAND, his mark.”

In 1794, Rose received the following letter from Sir James Grant of Grant, M.P. for Banffshire, shewing that favours to his sons demanded a *quid pro quo* in the way of raising recruits :—

Castle Grant, 15 Sept., 1794.

“My dear Sir,

The Agents, Messrs. Ainslie & Fraser in Cleaveland Row, St. James, London, inform me that your son William will immediately be Gazetted a Lieutenant in the 97<sup>th</sup> Regt. You should write to them yourself in course of post to hasten it. The attempting to Gazette these young men Ensigns and move them up to Lieutenancies has put me to much trouble—Have you *got us any men*? It is of much consequence to have us compleat.

Your faithfull friend,

J<sup>A</sup>. GRANT.”

Early in the same year Sir James seems to have been busying himself with trying to get John and Alexander also settled, but they were eventually named Ensigns by Lord Fife's help on 12th May, 1794. Possibly, William Rose was afraid of accepting too many favours from one who had been at one time in the opposite political camp to his employer.

That Mrs. Rose or her daughters had sometimes a little leisure to cultivate the lighter arts is shewn by the following letter from the Rev. William Leslie of Darkland, in January, 1787:—

“Madam,

Mrs. Leslie is still solicitous to have the ‘excambion’ of the musical instruments completed and she instructs me to write to you representing that the weather appears favourable for making the transference, as the roads are now softer and less deep and the season rather idle. And she begs the favour of you to send over the Pianoforte

as soon as your convenience admits and to send Mr. Shand along with it, because she does not think that any Wright here has skill to pack up the Harpsichord in such a manner as not to be probably injured in so long a carriage. With the kindest wishes and the greatest respect. I am

Dear Madam, Yr most obedient servant,  
WILL. LESLIE."

James Duff, Sheriff-Clerk of Banff, writes on 1st February, 1799, to ask Rose's assistance. "As I know you are an antiquarian and ready to oblige, have to state a request of a friend of mine what you recollect of the Roman Camp in the second century, the remains of which it's said may be seen nigh to the farm of Glenmartin, parish of Forgue, and that from that Camp they went to Cullen. To know the tract they took is much wanted, if they forded the Deveron above Rothiemay or below at Auchentoul so as to avoid the Knockhill and the heights about it. I hope you will be here next Thursday." No answer is forthcoming.

In the foregoing pages we see William Rose, the man and the factor, a person not perhaps of commanding intellect, but a worthy citizen who played a most important part for fifty years in what he would himself have described as his "own Corner." He died on 30th March, 1807, and is buried at Alvah, the Parish Church of Montcoffer.

A large space on the family tombstone was left to record his death, but, owing no doubt to the financial crisis at the time, no inscription was ever placed there.

His wife and the various members of his large family shall now speak for themselves.



## CHAPTER II.

**Mary Rose—1757-1838.**

MARY ROSE, wife of William Rose, and eldest daughter of William Robinson of Banff, was married at sixteen. She seems to have been an exceptionally charming woman, a devoted mother and a very capable domestic manager ; well educated also, as her writing and spelling compare favourably with those of Lady Caithness, Lady Findlater and other great ladies of the period, which were somewhat eccentric.<sup>1</sup>

Her father, the Provost, was killed on his own doorstep in Banff, in a scuffle with the Military in 1771.

She had, as has been seen, one brother, George, who became a well-known lawyer in Edinburgh, and married Mrs. Innes of Monellie. Another brother, William, was killed in the American War in 1782. James was a doctor, and Alexander died young. She had also four sisters, who became respectively, 1 Elizabeth, Mrs. Hay of Mountblairy ; 2 Jane, Mrs. Law ; 3 Bathia, Mrs. Dougall ; and 4 Anne, Mrs. Cuming.

A large number of Mary Rose's letters to her husband exist. The first is dated Auchingoull, 7th February, 1773, a month after the marriage :—

“My Dearest,

Your sister and me are just arrived from Park darge and was in hopes of your meeting of us on our return

<sup>1</sup>As may be seen from a little note of the year 1791:—

“Lady Findlater's compliments to Mr. Rose was very sorry to find that he was at Duff House today and would not come here with Lord Fife on Friday she said to Lord Fife she hoped he would come with his Lop. but he said he did not think he would which prevented her writing to ask but as Mr. Rose was so near think he might have ventured this far.”

but we are all happy for you to stay to settle everything amicably. . . I have got a present since you went away—I shall defer telling what it is till I see you—I hope it will raise your curiosity and see and make no delay. Your Mama and sister join me in best wishes. . . I know you will say I am not pleased with that writing of Mary's—but I hope you will excuse it, as I have not a mind to detain the bearer. I am very happy, Adieu."

April 8, 1773.

"I will be happy to hear from you on receipt of this to let me know how you are—do my dear take care of yourself for my sake as well as for your own. I hope you will believe when I tell you that I have been a very busy wife since you left me and very happy and well, at least as I can be in your absence, which I hope will not be long. We have kept house ever since you left us but intend to venter out next week."

28th June, 1774, again with her Mother-in-law at Auchingoul—

"My dearest,

I have just received your few satisfactory lines from Edinburgh. I am quite happy you are arrived safe. . . I see no want of anything here but the addition of my Dearest's company the loss of which I must put up with for sometime, tho' much against my will. I am a lucky creature caressed by all my friends, a kind affectionate good husband a good worthy Mother and sister<sup>1</sup> who does

<sup>1</sup>W. Rose's.



Mary Robinson,  
Wife of William Rose.

From a Portrait in the possession of McIver-Campbell, Esq.



everything to make my time happy and easy. I can say that I am as happy a woman as there is in the world. God make me thankful for my many mercies and grant your soon and safe return to me.”

On 5th July, 1774, when just 17, she writes about the approaching birth of her first child—

“How happy I am this moment made by the receipt of your letter dated 2 July. I am scarce able to tell you my pleasure for it is a week since I heard from you and knowing your mindfulness of me in general I was beginning to turn anxious at not hearing from you. Your farm is going on well, your hay is cut and we have fine weather. . . I have clear’d with the man that built the Goose park and he is now set to topping of the new built Dykes. . . Mama and Mrs. Alexander comes up here on Friday. I do not imagine there will be any use for the last mentioned person till we meett but Mama chuses rather to let her wait me than me her. If you do not come pretty near the time you mention I shall not promise that I will be so well bred as stay upon you. I am very well and in good spirits at present and have no fear of myself.”<sup>1</sup>

A week later she writes :—

“I think I will hold out brave and strong till we meet. I expect with pleasure the happy moment when you alight in the Close.”

The letters for the three following years seem to have been lost, as William Rose must certainly have been

<sup>1</sup>Her eleven subsequent confinements occasioned less excitement!

absent during that time. The next is dated from Montcoffer, 3rd October, 1777, when the brave little wife of 20 had already three sons—

“We are very busy with our Harvest, and will have done upon Monday if it holds fair. I have taken in some peats. Do take care of yourself. Consider your wife and small family would make a poor figure without you.”

Oct. 16, 1777.

“Altho’ I did not hear from you last post, yet I am disposed to ask how you are in case the Gay town of Edinr. should make you wear the poor bodies at Montcoffer out of your head. Pray do mind to buy for Miss Gordon, Shellagreen, 4 gause Aprons painted round and 4 handkerchiefs like the one you got for me. . . .

I saw the death of our aunt Mrs. Grant<sup>1</sup> in the papers and was preparing to go into mourning, but I shall need nothing till we meet that will be expensive. . . . I don’t grudge you your black coat as you was shabby when you went away and behoofed to have one, tho’ I should have wished that it had been a different coulour. My dr lettles ones, thank God, continues pretty well. Jamie is a most engaging boy, Jack is a dear little fat fellow and your favorite Will a strong healthy loun. Mama is but dowie (weakly) I fear her sister’s death will bear hard upon her. . . . I have scarcely left room to say God bless you. Do take care of yourself, there is something bad in the air just now, do not be out late, and keep free of what makes the head light, excuse me my dear and accept your

<sup>1</sup>Margaret Cumming, see p. 19.

warmest wishes and I remain yr ever affect, loving and dutiful wife, MARY ROSE.”

On 9th October, 1779, she writes again from Montcoffer to her husband, absent in Edinburgh. She is now 22 and has four sons and one daughter :—

“My dr little folks are all well. The doctor was out looking at Mary and Sandy but they are both teething and he says that it would be dangerous to inoculate them, so that is put off for awhile.”<sup>1</sup>

Two years later, and having now a 6th child, she writes again :—

Montcoffer, 2 March, 1781.

“ The doctor has been out and has inspected the Children he says that Mary is not quite in order for it, but thinks Sandy and Peter in extraordinar good health so he intends to inoculate them tomorrow. God grant that it may turn out well and I am to send Mary into our own house with Nancy<sup>2</sup> with her as the Docr says it is a pity to slip the fine matter that he has got to the other two, and in a fortnight the eruption that is on her face will wear of and he can get a fine kind for her of her brothers. I did not like to differ with Docr, as he is best judge. It shall be over before you come home, you may depend I will be punctual in writing how they do. I shall be as attentive as possible to be a good guide while you are away. We have now a great family, God save them, and needs great

<sup>1</sup>One can hardly realise now what these artificially induced mild attacks of small pox sometimes entailed in large families.

<sup>2</sup>Her own sister, afterwards Mrs. Cuming.

overlooking and attention. . . . Your Mama is coming down next week and takes two of the boys up with her so that will ease me for a while till the children grow better.”

March 14, 1781.

“I hope you will soon be thinking of coming home. I long much for your being here. I am such an unsupported creater—none that I can lean to or get advice from however I do the best I can to do what I think you wd like. . . .

I have been repairing the house that Porter was in—it has cost me near two pound, for I caused take up the floor and clear’d the drain. I hope it shall pay itself next year for I will get more rent—however we could not let the house go waste for want of repairs. Mama goes home tomorrow and Willy and Jack with her till you can settle a plan for their education.”

(They were then six and five. They went subsequently for a short time as day scholars to Dr. Chapman’s Academy at Inchdrewer. Two years later, a sixth son had arrived, and a seventh just due.)

Montcoffer, 9 July, 1783.

“My dearest,

Mr. Stronach is sitting beside me—come to ask after me who am still holding out very well, but a little weary betimes. I am attending pretty well to the farm—makes the servants tell what they are about regularly. At present there is not much ado, but we are not idle. The yellow flower is beginning to disappear among your corn and you have the look of a fine crop. . . . Green



pease today to dinner and potatoes—I dined Sunday at Duff House with my Lord's young charges. They were here Saturday. I think they are growing strong. I hope it will answer."

(The young charges were James<sup>1</sup> and Alex. Duff, Lord Fife's two little nephews, who were also at Dr. Chapman's school. They were then seven and six years old.)

"Mrs. Robinson drank tea here last night. She will tell you of all our welfares—as they set off tomorrow for Edinburgh on their way to Nott'n. The doer I hear is at Bulwell."

This was her brother, George, the W.S., who had recently married Mrs. Innes of Monellie. The family in business at Bulwell was that of George Robinson, Mary Rose's uncle. It was he who had the famous dispute with the wicked Lord Byron (the poet's great uncle) over water for his mills, the old Lord trying to dam it all up in the grounds of Newstead, but was inhibited from so doing. The descendants of this George Robinson still reside at Widmerpool, Notts; they reverted to the original patronymic of Robertson, which had been changed for political reasons when the Jacobite Robertsons fled to England.<sup>2</sup>

The child (Andrew) was born on 17th July, and a week later Mary writes again:—

<sup>1</sup>Afterwards 4th Lord Fife.

<sup>2</sup>Although changing their name, the Jacobite Robertsons did not think it necessary to change their family arms, and it is recorded that Prince Charles Edward on his arrival in Derby, seeing a coach with this blazon on the door, remarked, "A gentleman with those arms ought to be on our side."

“I continue to be pretty well, at least as well as my weakness will allow—this day I have been up a while and thinks myself refreshed and a few days will make a great odds. Your house is doing well and thriving, all the rest in good health—family matters going on as well as on the like occasions. I hope we will be all in our usual way when you return. God make me thankful now all is well over, but it was a trial to me to want you when I was so bad and so long ill, but I will now be happy as it is over and you not affected by my distress. God bless you and send you safe to your doating Mary—who wishes to live to show her attachment to you and yr dr little ones. I will not write more as it may not do well to me, but I cannot restrain my pen as my heart overflows with thoughts to you. Your affec. obed. & loving wife,

MARY ROSE.”

Her brother, Doctor James Robinson, writes his congratulations on the birth of this seventh child:—

London. Sept. 2, 1783.

“My dear Sister,

I take it, I may now congratulate you on your perfect recovery and having added another branch to the stock of Roses. If the king had a few thousands such as you, he might defy all the power of France and Spain to depopulate his country and exhaust his armies. What would I not give to see the happy little group standing round you in the Parlour, with the bloom of health shining in their cheeks—how different from the degenerate offspring of dissipation and luxury which this capital presents.”

On the 1st August Mary Rose writes again, urging her husband's return, and saying:—

“My loun will be speaking, I believe, if he does not soon get his name.”

After this there is a long gap in the letters of Mrs. Rose. The next is dated 21st December, 1790, from Montcoffer. She was then 33 and the mother of eleven. The letter is to Mr. James Milne in Portsoy, and is interesting, as showing the consumption of wine, in what must have been, in view of the large family, a fairly frugal household.

“Sir,

By Mr. Rose's desire I send his Cart to bring 6 dozen of Port and 6 doz. of Shirry and he also wishes that you would fix a time with the servant when it will be convenient to send for a pipe of port. You may also send 4 doz. of best Claret, and if any kind of sweet wine, send 2 dozen. Mr. Rose is at Aberdeen but left this direction to me. If any vinegar, send an anker.”

In this year, 1790, Lord Fife had a visit from Charles Burney, the brother of Madame D'Arblay. He visited the Roses at Montcoffer, and subsequently sent to Mrs. Rose from Mar Lodge some grouse of his own shooting, with the following poem:—

Mar Lodge,

Aug. 24, 1780.

“Dear Madam,

Can heaths and snowtopt mountains dare  
Their presents offer to the Fair?  
The produce of the rugged rock  
A Lady's feelings sure would shock.

Yet let me hope, you'll not refuse  
The *Game*, that for acceptance sues ;  
And since with *labour* it was gain'd,  
Oh ! never be the gift disdain'd.  
I'll venture—since 'tis *crime the first*,  
In your good nature is my trust.

To shoot these Birds, o'er rocks tremendous,  
And barren moors did Fortune send us ;  
Nor did the sun's all piercing ray  
Our progress for a moment, stay :  
Nor at the mountain did we pause,  
But scorn'd fatigue in such a cause.

With joy our Dogs beat o'er the ground,  
And soon success our labours crown'd ;  
When over hills we'd flown as nimble,  
As if no bigger than a thimble—

We fir'd—whole *covies* met their fate—  
But how the sequel to relate ?  
You will account the whole a fable,  
Though told as gravely as I'm able—  
Some nobler pen should write the tale  
For little will my verse avail.  
'Tis past belief—perhaps, our fears—  
Perhaps, some *Witch* deceiv'd our ears  
(For witches in the mountains dwell,  
As each affrighted Herd can tell) :  
While with astonishment we heard—  
Or seem'd to hear—the dying Bird ;  
Who thus in feeble accents tried  
To move our pity, ere he died.

'Say, Man, to you what pleasure flows,  
'Thus to molest our calm repose ;  
'And with blood thirsty souls profane  
'The limits of our ancient reign ?  
'But hear me, ere I yield my breath—  
'Hear the request I make in death :  
'Since cruel Wretches ye would slay me—  
'To Mrs. Rose—Duff House—convey me.

'If she'll accept us—send her all  
 'Who Victims to your fury fall—  
 'To think that she the gift receives,  
 'A balm to ease our torture gives ;  
 'And should she find us dainty food,  
 'You not in vain have shed our blood ;  
 'For happily our lives we close  
 'To gain a smile from Mrs. Rose !'

Thus said the Bird—or seem'd to say,  
 The mandate gladly I obey—  
 But though *your* favouring smiles to gain  
 They boldly dar'd endure the pain ;  
 Nor did their inclination shun,  
 (To pleasure you)—the shot, and gun—  
 I must confess—though 'tis with shame,  
 The tale I venture to proclaim—  
 I must confess—if blest with ease,  
 Life would a *little longer* please—  
 And though to serve you, I'd employ  
 My skill, in any way, with joy ;  
 Yet while that course I gladly steer,  
 Should Death once stop my gay career,  
 I lose, alas ! not life alone—  
 The power to move—to laugh—or groan—  
 But ah ! this Being then forgoes  
 The bliss of serving Mrs. Rose ;  
 And ever after must refrain,  
 From *hopes*, to court your smile again—

CHARLES BURNEY."

On 13th December, 1791, Mary Rose writes from Montcoffer to her husband, who was stormstayed at Knock, about 12 miles distant :—

"My dearest,

I send William with your letters but by all I can  
 learn you cannot venture home for some days. The  
 mountains of snow betwixt this and Knock are

tremendous and scarcely passable on foot. Since writing, your servant is come and there can be no chaise to depend upon before Friday. I am half thinking that there would be less danger in a cart. If you could think of this, I would send John Courage and one of the men for you with two good horses and blankets to roll you up. Write me."

In 1793, there is another order to the wine merchant for 6 doz. of best port, 6 doz. Lisbon, 2 doz. Madeira! and in 1794, an acknowledgment of having received 4 doz. each of port and of sherry, and an order for a hogshead of port, ditto sherry and 6 doz. claret—all in the handwriting of Mary Rose. In 1795, she is already parting with some of her boys:—

Montcoffer, Nov. 17, 1795.

"My dearest,

I thought to have wrote you yesterday, but hurry contriving for John's departure prevents me. I have a letter from William quite in happiness and gratitude. Sandy is also well.<sup>1</sup> I have been kept bustling this while, but will now be lonely and will feel the loss of their company. God preserve all of them—they cost me many an anxious hour both absent and present but I can't keep them, and I believe it makes us all happier to part now and then, but my fireside will be thin indeed. . . . If my picture is not yet home or paid for, I wd wish you to enquire about it as I am a little Humbled to another to pay for my little personage—but dont pay it till you see it packed and directed to Montcoffer. Mind this, as you

<sup>1</sup>William was then 20, John 19 and Alexander 16.

have already paid enough for the original and if you pay, I would wish you or yours had it.

Your ever affec. wife  
MARY ROSE."

In 1795, troubles with Lord Fife had begun, and Mrs. Rose seems to have been kept a little short of money by her husband, but declares that—

"Though pinched and put to, I must take what you have ordered me and guide it as well as circumstances will allow."

On 14th December, 1795, she writes, obviously expecting that he will shortly be leaving Lord Fife's service, and likewise Montcoffer:—

"I have only to say that South or North, East or West is all the same to me, if you be well and I be with you. . . . If the leaving this place be hard upon us, I will conform to your situation whatever it is to make up for it. I fear nothing if I have your kindness and am equal to any bustle necessary to our removal. Aberdour and wife (her daughter, Mary) and bairns are to be with you at Xmas and as it will in all probability be our last here will have Cakes and Ale as usual."

In 1798 there are several letters referring to the possible promotions and placing of the elder sons. This subject is treated of in their own letters.

As the law suits with Lord Fife proceeded, the circumstances of the Rose family declined. On 27th November, 1803, poor Mary Rose writes to her son, Patrick:—

Gask, Wednesday.

“Dear Pat,

I received this morning by Tom £21 to acct. What time are you to send me more? For God’s sake think on me, for I can scarcely get a house kept for duns. I am yrs with affection MARY ROSE.

P.S.—My coal must be paid Thursday. No less sum than £10.”

After her husband’s death in 1807, she, of course, left Montcoffer and settled at Boyndlie, generously lent her by her son-in-law, William Gordon of Aberdour. Lord Huntly also seems to have been kind to her. She was in a chronic state of impecuniosity as shewn by the letters of her sons and sons-in-law. Her brother, George, the W.S., advanced her an annuity of £100 for some years, and it does not appear whether he was ever repaid out of the tangled affairs of William Rose, as administered by Patrick, or not. Later on, she seems to have made her home for some time at Kilmuir, the residence of her son-in-law, Colonel Campbell of Ballochyle. Lord Fife also gave her substantial financial help, and a Government annuity of £100 was obtained for her and continued to her surviving daughter, Elizabeth, who enjoyed it for 22 years.

Mrs. Rose died in Edinburgh, in the house of her youngest son, Hugh Hay Rose, on the 10th April, 1838, and is buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard, but no stone marks her grave.



## CHAPTER III.

**James—1774-1814.**

(Eldest child of William and Mary Rose.)

JAMES was born on 11th August, 1774, when his mother was seventeen. He was "named for" Lord Fife, his father's employer, and the latter's eldest son, James, then a young man of twenty-one, and a great friend of the Rose family.

James Rose and his brother, William, eighteen months younger, were sent to school in Edinburgh. James writes to his father in November, 1786, when he was twelve:—

"My uncle would inform you that Willie and I were entered to the Rector's class. No pains will be spared to improve our minds in every necessary branch of education, in order to push our fortunes in the world with success to ourselves and credit to you and my mother. I hope when you come up you will find us improved in many things and you will also see how we employ our time, which is altogether laid out by the direction of the Rector and our uncle."

The Rev. James Simmie, previously mentioned, had conducted their early education, and at one time was with them in Edinburgh. Two years later he writes to Rose that "Mr. James" (then fourteen) "was the best Latin scholar in the Rector's class and was beginning Greek."

James, unlike the rest of Rose's elder sons, seems to have been a steady, hard-working boy—though not specially brilliant. At the age of seventeen he writes from Edinburgh University that he means to attend the Greek class for another year as it will only cost him eight shillings for a second session—

“This I am sure will not be grudged when you were at the expense of giving four guineas for my first attendance at these Classes.”

He adds that the Greek Class “convenes” at 8 in the morning. He is also

“Studying Moral Philosophy and Law and it will be very necessary to attend with diligent attention so as the money which I must get for these classes shall not be thrown away uselessly.”

A later letter of the same year rejoices over the fact that he is to return from Edinburgh in the summer “to prosecute my studies under Mr. Simmie.” He adds:—

“I am informed by my uncle (George Robinson) that you wish him to send a bag (which brought up a book) back again, but he desired me to ask what constituted a bag, as it is only a piece of leather you have sent. In the first place he says, it is necessary that a bag be close at one end, whereas yours is open at both ends, and lastly it is necessary that there be no holes in the bag, whereas yours has two very large ones in the side. Whether or not it should be sent, you know best.”

In 1792, when he was eighteen, he writes about leaving Edinburgh to go to an Academy in England,

and has heard of "one kept by a Mr. Anderson at Hampstead nr London, one of the cheapest which can be got, being board and washing and education included £5 a month." His father's reply is not extant, but his uncle, James Robinson (the doctor in London) writes, having been consulted as to selecting a place of education, "The strongest objection is that the time proposed for James remaining here is so short that he could make but little advance in any one pursuit and *by no means correspondent* to the expense which he incurred. The only Academy I know where there could be the least prospect of his meeting with learning or good sense is under the care of Burney (now Doctor) whom you know,<sup>1</sup> and he with great candour and liberality says that it would be merely robbing his father—James is too old to go among the little boys and what is called a parlour boarder is never less than £50 a year. Now this would not be a consideration with an end in view, but the question is 'Cui bono.' There is another consideration which struck Mr. Gray and me as an objection—Although it possibly may not appear to his father in that light—It is that at his time of life in or near this vortex of pleasure, he might acquire predilections which would by no means increase his relish for future residence where at present it is intended he should." (i.e., Banff.)

Three months later, young James Rose writes from London, 19th June, 1792, on his way to Utrecht, where it has been decided he should finish his education under the care of a Dr. Brown.<sup>2</sup> From there he writes a number of letters in the rather stilted style of a boy of eighteen of the period—speaking of the "Young gentlemen," his

<sup>1</sup>This was Madame D'Arblay's brother. See p. 63.

<sup>2</sup>James Boswell, when touring in Holland, remarks that Dr. Brown, the minister of the Presbyterian Church there, took young Scotsmen as boarders.

fellow students. Of the Law lectures, delivered in Latin, in respect of which he will have “to labour hard, not only by giving strict attention in the Class, but likewise by attention and constant study in my closet. I also attend Dr. Brown’s Lectures on the Law of Nature which he dictates in Latin and the Students take down. I begin to understand French very well and also to speak a little, tho’ in that respect I am not very clever.”

He remained in Utrecht just over a year, until July, 1793, and seems to have made good use of his time in his Law studies. He writes, after six months in Holland, “the Roman Law is here taught in a very masterly manner and very different from the manner in Edinburgh where the Professor sits only three months—whereas here the Professor teaches for 8 and examines in the strictest manner in Latin in which Language all the Professors here lecture. . . I begin to answer in Latin pretty well, and from this I flatter myself that when we shall meet again I shall have a very tollerable knowledge of the Roman Law and perhaps be able to undergo the private trials on the Civil Law.” He also adds that he now begins to speak French easily. As the letter he says he wrote in that language to his uncle has not been preserved we are unable to judge of his proficiency. For the politics of the French nation he had a hearty detestation, which was indeed fairly general in the year 1793.

“When you see me again, you may expect a fine Frenchman in your son, tho’ I hope in God never a modern Frenchman in my sentiments and character. For that character has laid aside all restraint and all respect for the Laws of God and Man, as no doubt you are by this time fully convinced by their actions.”

In March, 1793, he writes:—

“You no doubt will have seen in the papers that the French have attacked the territories of this republic for a month past and have met with more resistance than they first imagined. Their first attempt was successful indeed, for they had not laid siege to Breda a day or two when the place was surrendered by the cowardice of the Governor Byland who is now in prison at the Hague to be tried by a Court Martial for his cowardice. . . . Thank God, a stop is now put to the progress of these pillagers and robbers. Another name I cannot give them. Their principles are totally inimical to the existence of all well-regulated societies.”

In April, when the country was temporarily free of the French, he tells his father that he “lately made a little Tour in Holland with some of the gentlemen of the house during the hollydays of the College. This small tour has cost about £5 so that my account for this quarter will be £30 for the board and £10 for other things.” He frequently comments on his father’s generosity in spending so much on the eldest of a large family and hopes to be able to repay it.

In a letter to his mother in June, he alludes to the birth of the twelfth and youngest child, Jane, afterwards Mrs. McLean:—

“All danger I hope is now over and you are getting up and going about as usual. I have no doubt but the young lass is one of my father’s beauties and that she will add to the list of ladies of that description who are so thinly sewn about Banff. . . . This is an expensive place

and I shall be happy to leave it and to see you again, quite recovered. You no doubt expect to see me improved, but don't let your hopes be too sanguine as perhaps you may find yourself mistaken. . . . I shall do my best to please you and all the relations, no easy task."

The last letter written before leaving Utrecht, dated 2nd July, is very much concerned with the voyage home and dangers from French privateers:—

"Mr. Brown advised me if the Aberdeen ship with which I mean to sail is to be accompanied by a man of war, to go, but if not, that he certainly would advise me to go by the packet. To be sure the expense will come to a great deal more, but then if I were to be taken I must stay in France until the War is ended (which I think won't be in a hurry) and if I wished to get away it would be found necessary to pay money for my ransom."

He, however, got back to Scotland quite safely, and resumed his Law studies in Edinburgh, where he passed as an Advocate.

We next hear of him four years later, when he was twenty-three. Margaret Gilbert, apparently a companion or maid to Mrs. George Robinson, writes to Mrs. Rose, George's sister:—<sup>1</sup>

Edinr., Jan. 15, 1797.

"Dear Madam,

I recd yours and delivered the letters according to your orders. I would be happy of a better opportunity to shew my regard to you, much have I wished to see you

<sup>1</sup>Mrs. George Robinson, who married in 1780, was the widow of Thomas Innes of Monellie and Pittendriech (afterwards Netherdale), and her daughter, by her first husband, was the heiress to this estate.

of late for their has been sad ado. The Heiress has fallen in love wt Mr. James which has given great offence to Mr. Robinson's family. It is impossible for me to give you the least idea of the disturbance it has made. . . . I am sure I sincerely wish it may end to your satisfaction, but it is so great an affair it has been a troubell to all present—when things grows better I would be happy to let you know—it has cost your son dear indeed. She has it well in her power to make all that up. Miss Innes<sup>1</sup> is determined to go throu with it but their is so many against it who's names I cannot mention, that she is sometimes wavering in her resolution. I think if you would take a concern in it, their would be no fear, for had you been here their would not have been half the work their has been. . . . May every blessing attend you and your family. I hope I will never live the day to be ungratefull to you. I like Edinr. much better than I did, and am very happy in my situation.

I am with respect

Your Humble Servant,

M. GILBERT."

The difficulties were overcome, and James Rose and Elizabeth Mary Innes were married, the husband adding the wife's name to his own and residing henceforth at her home of Netherdale. His redoubtable mother-in-law

<sup>1</sup>Elizabeth Mary Innes was then eighteen. She had inherited the estate of Netherdale, originally called Pittendriech and Mains of Fyvie, from her uncle, John Innes of Muiryfold, who had acquired Pittendriech in excambion from Lord Fife for Muiryfold. The present house of Netherdale was built by her shortly after her marriage to James Rose.

William Rose seems also to have made over to his eldest son, James, the house in Advocates Close, which he at one time possessed, and James sold this advantageously some years after his marriage.

seems to have had a good deal to say in his family concerns, but he managed at times to help his father and younger brothers considerably—though disapproving of the extravagances of the three soldiers, William, John and Alexander; with Patrick, though six years his junior, he seems to have had much more in common, and to these two it fell to disentangle and deal with the debts and law-suits of their father, which worried James considerably in his position as a landowner in Banffshire, anxious to keep on good terms with Lord Fife. There are several letters from his wife to various members of the family, principally Patrick, who seems to have had charge of her business affairs in Edinburgh. The handwriting is that of a hard woman.<sup>1</sup>

After William Rose's death, Mrs. Rose-Innes took into her family for some time her youngest sister-in-law, Jane, then only 14, but seems to have made her feel her position as a dependant rather painfully, and the brothers abroad wrote anxiously to their mother urging that "pretty little Jeanie" should not be left there long. She married at 17, and died at 37.

In 1801, James Rose-Innes writes, from Peterhead, a letter which fully bears out the dictum of his uncle, Doctor James Robinson, in 1799, that he was a hypochondriac.<sup>2</sup> He had gone to Peterhead, both to drink the waters there and to distract his mind by the

<sup>1</sup>She seems to have been curiously devoid of feminine charm, and traditions of her lingered in Banffshire in our day. A very old man, who had known her in his youth, once remarked, "She was nae an enticing woman." She died at Netherdale, 17th January, 1851, aged 73, and is buried in Marnoch Churchyard.

<sup>2</sup>There is a curious note about him in a letter from his uncle George, when he was eighteen. "Have you thought of any plan for James in the summer? Strange faces would be good for him. Rubbing up is what he needs."



gaeties of the place! (according to his brother Patrick):—

Peterhead, July 8, 1801.

“My dear Mother,

I find myself tolerably well, but need a great deal of care and some whims to be humoured—one of them I am happy to say just now I think can be gratified. It is a *Borrow* of your chocolate pot, the one I saw on the table when last at Gask, and my reason for asking it is the apparatus below for keeping the chocolate or coffee warm, as my nerves are so weak as to be a good deal incommoded with a fire or even a “chaffer” in the Room. I hope you’ll be able to accomodate me—until at any rate I get something of the kind ready. I understand Sandy leaves you soon. It would be agreeable to me to see him here. Should he stay any time waiting on the Ship, he has a friend before him who’ll make him most welcome to eating and drinking for nothing (which is always a help to a soldier on his march), and a bed can be procured in the house on the same terms.”

The last letter written by James in the collection is of date December, 1806, and refers to the time when his father’s affairs had become terribly embarrassed, and the sons had to do what they could to help him. James was looked on as the rich man of the family, but though he had always been industrious and economical, most of the money was his wife’s. He writes to Patrick:—

“My dear Brother,

I am sorry to make you unhappy, but has not that unlucky devil Crombie wrote me about the £100 I was to

pay Aberdour, and the letter was opened by Mrs. Rose-Innes and thereby my domestic peace and happiness again disturbed with my Father's damned concerns. I am now determined, be the consequence what it will, not to pay one farthing more, for such misery I am not able to endure nor can I again inflict such on one who is my partner for life. I told them both many, many times never to write to me on the subject, and they now have themselves to blame for what will happen. You have no conception of the misery this last exposure has cost me, and it shows we ought to have no concealments, sooner or later they come out. Many strong things she said to me and of you. We were in a collusion to cheat her and her children. What can I do in such a situation? Nothing but misery and the curse of God attends all concern in my father's affairs and I have done with them. . . ."

James and Elizabeth Rose-Innes had, in the first three years of their married life, 1798, 1799 and 1800, three sons who died in infancy. In 1801 was born James, who married Georgina Gilzean, and their son, Thomas Gilzean Rose-Innes, was the third and last male proprietor of Netherdale of the Rose-Innes family. He left three daughters, and the last owner of Netherdale (which has recently been sold), Mrs. Leslie Gregory Rose-Innes, is his grand-daughter.

There were three sons younger than James—John, who went to America, Patrick, of Blachrie, born 1805, died 1887, and George, a Solicitor, born 1807, died 1895, whose son is the K.C.



Elizabeth Ogilvie Rose-Innes.

From a Photograph.



There was one daughter of James Rose-Innes, Elizabeth Ogilvie, born 1809, who lived to be 81, at Netherdale Cottage, and was a well-known figure all over the countryside. A great lover of horse and dogs, and one who rarely left her native land. It is said that she never consulted a doctor and had her teeth extracted by the local blacksmith. As the only grandchild of William Rose personally known to the present writers, an early photograph is here reproduced.

## CHAPTER IV.

**William—1775-1862.**

YOUNG William Rose, the second child of William and Mary Rose, was born on 2nd October, 1775. He was called after Lieutenant William Duff, 26th Foot, the second natural son of the second Lord Fife, his father's employer, who wrote to Mrs. Rose from Canada (where he was serving with his Regiment), "I sincerely congratulate you upon the springing up of the Rose plant and that upon my return to Scotland I shall find a little family at Montcoffer, blessed with the perfections of the father and the mother. Rose has promised me that I shall have the pleasure of being a godfather." William Rose was admitted a burghess of Banff in 1781, when six years old, his seven year old brother, James, and five year old brother, John, being admitted at the same time.<sup>1</sup> James and William were for a short time at school at Edinburgh. William writes on 6th November, 1786, at the age of 11:—

"My dear Mother,

Your kind letter to my Brother and I was received with gratitude and pleasure. . . Do not fear that we neglect our duty to God or you or to others with whom we are connected. James writes my father how our education goes on. We have been in perfect health since

<sup>1</sup>Children were often thus admitted in compliment to their parents. There is a note in the burgh accounts of an expenditure of 2s. on "Confections and raisins for the young burghesses."

our arrival and take care to keep ourselves clean and look after our cloaths. We like Edinburgh much and are acquainted with the whole of it. . . .”

Some accounts of the family state that William Rose was a surgeon in the Footguards, but this is known from his own letters to be incorrect. He seems to have been a very difficult boy from the beginning. The mental trouble which declared itself when he was twenty-three had probably been present from his childhood, and showed itself plainly in his youth. At the age of 14 he was apprenticed to his uncle, Dr. James Law (who had married Jane Robinson, Mrs. Rose's sister), and at seventeen he passed the Examination at Surgeons Hall, necessary to admit him to the Profession, as he writes to his father from Parliament Street, Westminster, “The Diploma from the Surgeons Hall cost me £14 which I hope you in the meantime advance to my Uncle.” The letter is undated, but he adds, “I wish you and my mother joy of the addition to your family,” which must refer to the birth of his youngest sister, Jane, which took place in May, 1793, when he was 17. He also chronicles, “A severe and just reproof I received from my uncle which, with a good many difficulties I had to encounter here at the same time, so disconcerted me as to make me unfit for the duty of writing to you. Such difficulties are however at length removed and I will write my uncle immediately that I now have the hope of giving consolation to my fond parents.” He does not seem, however, to have returned to his uncle, or continued his medical studies, as he became seriously ill, and a year later, in February, 1794, he was still at Montcoffer, and writes to his father in Edinburgh, “I have received your affectionate letter where you propose that I should immediately write to Mr. Law of my intentions and my

wishes. To *you* my dear father I must be so explicit as to state a reason for not immediately complying with your injunction. It is that I still feel about me in some degree the effects of a late complaint by which I am really at present not capable of entering on any serious pursuit. In a little time I will I hope have regained the natural vigour of my mind," and he hopes that his father will not mention this to anyone.

Just before William left London, Lord Fife had written to his father in response apparently to a request that William should be given some good advice:—<sup>1</sup>

Fife House, Feb. 6, 1793.

"The overgrown Rose is just gone out from me. You may believe I will do him any good I can. I had spoken to him before you ordered me—to tell you the truth, if he takes a cup with Uncle James and Jas. Hay and George Gordon, your boy is a greenhorn and I have my fears, but all this is only to yourself."

And a few days later, Lord Fife writes again, "I am just going to Hastings' trial (then in its sixth year) I sent your son three tickets, for himself and two attendants to take care of him." (So obviously at that time he required watching.)

William's uncle, Dr. Law, was probably not very anxious to have William back in his employ, and shortly after this another uncle seems to have busied himself in trying to get him into the Army, his father buying the Commission. William writes in April, 1794:—

"Captain Hay says if I go into the Army, I am not therefore to give up study. On the contrary I shall on

<sup>1</sup>Sir James Duff, Fife's own son, once wrote somewhat ruefully, "Advice is his Lordship's forte."



the one hand have leisure from duty, and on the other great opportunities in the Regiment of seeing medical practice, particularly in their hospital. The circumstances too of the half pay, if the Regiment happens to be soon disbanded, is another inducement. The expense of this exertion on your part must I fear be considerable, but I hope the advantages alluded to above which I will reap and the way I will employ my time along with the independence of my situation may pay the interest."

An Ensigncy was obtained for him in the 97th Regiment, and he joined it at Inverness, and was immediately drafted to Guernsey, whence he writes a letter to both his parents on the 16th of March, 1795. Even in those days of somewhat formal diction, his style is unnatural for a boy of 19, and should have caused some uneasiness in the mind of his father, if the latter had not been too fully occupied with his own rather unfortunate affairs:—

Guernsey, 16 Mar., 1795.

"My dear Father and Mother,

I address you both jointly, as being jointly the object of my filial love and as both laying claims on me for parental kindness and attachment. . . You will easily guess the pleasure I felt on reading your letters of 3rd March, when you are so indulgent to us. I must confess I had a surmise that in regard to our expenses your mercy would be tempered with justice. I find however the reverse. But God forbid that we on that account should be less anxious to spare the purse that has to supply so many hungry mouths besides our own. For

my own part (and I am sure that John and Alex.<sup>1</sup> are of the same sentiments) your kindness will make me redouble my economy. These are hard times and we ought to reflect on the difficulties of others as well as our own. We do so and I hope you will not again see such letters as that which Capt. Stuart wrote to you lately.”

William also begins to worry as to the date from which his pay will begin! “I am glad you intend writing to Sir James on the subject.” This was presumably Sir James Duff, Lord Fife’s elder son, then a Major-General, and always a very good friend to the Rose family.

On 3rd April, William writes again, somewhat reprovingly to his father:—

“I wonder, my dear Father, that you do not write Capt. Stuart. He appears much hurt at it. He has been very friendly to us and it all proceeds from his regard for you. Alex is very well.”

John was apparently at home and loath to rejoin his Regiment. He had probably got into trouble. On 14th April William writes again:—

“It gives me pleasure my dear Father when you describe the common occurrences of the spring. The sowing and harrowing of the fields etc. but I suppose you have still some moments of winter, for Caledonia is not like this Island (Guernsey) where the heat is already very intense and where our young men have changed their fair complexions. . . . If I get my Lieutenancy I shall be as rich as Croesus and I shall refund you the

<sup>1</sup>Alexander Rose, then not quite sixteen, seems to have gone south at the same time, to join *his* regiment, the 20th,

amount of my draft. If not, you must place that sum to an account I fear never will be discharged. I mean the debt of obligation I owe to you."

In May he writes from H.M.S. "Glory," Spithead. "You will know before this that we have been in England some weeks, and that instead of being sojourners upon earth, we are now altogether sons of Neptune."

On 15th August he refers to "the recent naval action between Lord Bridport and the French, when some of the 97th were engaged, and some few of them have gone to augment the Bills of mortality. Of our recruits from Banff I hear there is one killed and one wounded. You recollect Samuel Smith one of the weavers, he is killed. A cannon ball went through his body just above the waistband of the breeches. The wounded man is Samuel Gray, the piper." William then congratulates his father "On *your* new gained Military rank. Long may you enjoy health and happiness after it is laid aside." This was in connection with the Banff and Macduff Volunteers. "I should be happy to see you marching at the head of your company because I would be reflecting that Macduff and its environs are comfortable places filled with plenty and good cheer where the pleasures of Loyalty have not the alloy of cold and fatigue or hunger. I am glad the boys (i.e., Patrick, George, Andrew and Hay, aged at that time 14, 13, 12 and 8) are all so well. In such a number to have no unfortunate contingency makes one happy and thankful." He begins to drop hints that his father might buy him a Company and although the Duke of York (Commander-in-Chief) "will not allow it now," William having been such a short time in the Service—about six months—the "money might be lodged until the objection is removed."

On Board the Glory, 12 Oct., 1795.

“My dear Father,

I send you a few lines to let you know that my brother Alex. and myself are in good health and that we are still at Spithead on board the same ship, where we have many comforts. Warm apartments to live in and in plenty the necessaries and the decent enjoyment of life and all at a moderate price. I suppose that an officer on shore cannot have these without sinking the whole, if not more than the whole of a Subaltern's pay. On board it does not amount at the most to more than a moiety of it. This subject, dear father, forms the burden of my letter, but I am not to neglect writing for the want of important matters. No, I might thereby incur the displeasure of a parent which displeasure would drive me to desperation. And who has so much cause for affection and gratitude as your dutiful and attached son.

WM. ROSE.”

Before the end of 1795 he obtained his Captain's Commission, pre-dated so that he obtained eleven months Captain's pay “and thus commence my plan with good Omens. . . . I have at present nothing more to say,” so apparently he made no attempt to relieve his father's financial anxieties.

In July, 1797, being at home on half pay, he writes from Montcoffer to his father in Edinburgh, pressing his claims “to a Company in an established regiment. Be so good as to tell Mr. Abercrombie that I have been about three years a Captain and was a Subaltern a year before.” This would take him back to July, 93, and as

we saw him in February, 1794, telling his father he was too ill to do anything and the project of entering the Army was not broached until April of that year, he seems to be straining the truth a little, and one wonders whether the statement that "I also served as a Captain of Marines," is to be believed or not!

In August he writes, apologizing to his father for a long silence. "I fear you think I am remiss that I allowed so many posts to bend their steps towards your present residence without carrying one word from me. But I hope you believe it an impossibility that the chip should not in some sort bear resemblance to the block from which it has been derived or in other words that virtues, though not under a strict and exclusive entail, still some of them may descend from father to son." A proposal by William Abercromby to get him appointed in charge of a depôt for convalescent men, seems to have come to nothing, and he continued without employment and on half-pay. On 3rd February he writes to his father from Montcoffer the following amazing letter:—

"My dear Father,

I daresay you will now be thinking of turning your steps towards your household gods. . . . Your absence occasions a dreadful chasm in society here, indifferent of other considerations. This will however soon be filled up and I trust you will never again take up your abode in a distant quarter. The life they lead in Edinburgh does not at all suit the meridian of your constitution nor (I believe) is it suited to your taste. Intemperance and its usual attendants, bad hours, are pernicious in the gayest sections of life but more peculiarly hurtful when one has had the good fortune to attain the autumn of his days. I

may appear to you here a little to finical and perhaps I shall incur the imputation of arrogance and presumption. But what does that signify if what I say be *true*. I am no great Dab. at Physic but not so much amiss as perhaps you will suppose. What I know of it (independent of what will be suggested by Common sense) enables me to be explicit. But I do not say, my dear father, that you are intemperate, far from it, but how is it possible to avoid excess? There is only one method to be searched for, and that is in the quietness of a country life. God grant you many years to come and there is only one thing needful and that is, I repeat, to take care of yourself. There is something of rhapsody in all this, but I trust you will place it to the account of the strongest possible affection and believe me to be ever, dear parent, your loving son, WILL. ROSE."

Six months later the censorious son writes a letter of abject contrition:—"My dear parents, I have received your letter with directions concerning the agency of my half-pay. But how can I put my name to it, (as I have been employing myself in many other ways) I know not, without committing perjury. You have bestowed too much affection upon me and have, like other men the misfortune of having Bygotten a degenerate, an unworthy son. I think that the letter is an intimation that I need not draw at all, on account of the very improper part I have acted. . . I cannot say I have not been employing myself and that in many respects also rather unbecoming as an officer. . . I have acted towards you as an ungrateful and undutiful son. I have strayed from the happy path of Rectitude. I need not tell you into

what calamity this has reduced me. . . I hope that John or Alex. may have something out of the wreck of my Commission." So closed his Army career, and a year later came the mental breakdown. His forgiving uncle, James Law, seems again to have succoured him, and writes thus to William Rose:—

Edinburgh. 18 Aug. 1799.

“ The night after poor William’s arrival we had him conveyed three miles out of town to a quiet farm house retired from any village or public road. My only fear is that there is not sufficient security against his running away, but the people are accustomed to the charge and I have given strict injunctions to keep a watchful eye over him. As he was exposing himself very much, we thought the sooner he was settled the better. I went out and saw him yesterday. At first he was very good-humoured and glad to see me. Spoke with kindness of his uncle George, but immediately after began to abuse him with great violence of passion. He had written a great deal, which the man gave me. All seemed perfect rhapsody and nonsense, except a note addressed to me and written in shorthand which I readily deciphered and found to contain kind expressions and a desire I should visit him. We have agreed with the man for £40 per annum to be advanced quarterly and some further gratuity promised for additional trouble and good treatment. I have advised Peter and George not to go near him, as the less he sees his friends the better. . . You shall hear from me if any considerable change takes place.”

Poor William remained for two years with his keepers at Liberton, and is from time to time mentioned by various members of the family who had been to visit him. There are also several short letters to his parents, written, as Dr. Law points out, in his more lucid intervals, and comparing favourably with those of his earlier years.

In August, 1800, Dr. Law writes again to William Rose that there is not much change in his condition, but that if his parents want to have him at home, there would now be no danger. This, however, was not done; and, indeed, with two little girls of ten and seven in the house, would have been hardly wise. In August, 1801, he was transferred to Newcastle; and his new keeper, Dr. Steavenson, writes to William Rose at Montcoffer:—

Hanover Square, Newcastle on Tyne.

“Dear Sir,

Your son is much pleased with his new residence and apparently very happy. Volatile, talkative and versatile, but good natured. One day a clergyman, another a Cobbler, he is allowed to amuse himself with his own whims till better can be done.”

And to Dr. Law he writes in a humorous vein:—

“ I have got an apprentice, the first in my life and that a volunteer. He says he served Mr. Law only three years and begs permission to be my servant for the remainder of his Time. He has commenced by dressing the arm of a Patient and is delighted with his new occupation which he says will perfectly restore him as he will now have a calling. A few days ago he intended to be a Shoemaker. He and I are on the best of terms and I have a most obedient apprentice.”



£60 a year was paid to Dr. Steavenson.

There are no further letters from William himself after this date, but in a letter from his sister Anna in 1805 it appears that he was then at large, leading a normal life and even paying attentions to a young lady, who fortunately, did not marry him. The date of his death is unknown, but he became quite mad again before his father's death (in 1807), and was alive in 1808, according to a letter from his aunt Rachel, Mrs. Cuming, who enquires after "the two invalids, poor fellows, William and John." It also appears that he was still alive in 1862, as his name still occurs among the half-pay officers of the late 97th Regiment down to that date.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Information kindly supplied by H. B. Mackintosh, Esq.

## CHAPTER V.

**John—1776=d. after 1822.**

JOHN DURNO ROSE, third son of William and Mary Rose was born on the 18th of December, 1776, when his mother was nineteen. From the beginning, John was the spoilt child of both father and mother.<sup>1</sup> Mary Rose's early letters are full of the doings of Jack, and just before he was seventeen we hear of him in a letter from his uncle George in Edinburgh:—

“William, I trust, will soon be restored to us with as *sound* as I ever experienced he had an *honest* mind. James seems determined to do well—indeed I have no anxiety on the subject. With regard to John, from his youth and inexperience much cannot yet be expected besides there is the Mother's milk to be forgotten—my chief objection at present is a lethargic habit but there has been a great deal of indulgence at home—too good a dinner and too good a bed, so we must correct these evils by degrees. I shall keep him to his tackle. He knows perfectly the footing on which we are to proceed. . . I have the best hopes of soon rubbing an edge upon him.”

John did not apparently take kindly to a business life in Edinburgh, and, by Lord Fife's interest, a com-

<sup>1</sup>James, William and John were all at school for one year, November, 1783, to November, 1784, at Dr. Chapman's at Inchdrewer, at £8 per annum.

mission was early obtained for him in the 29th Regiment. The first letter of his which has been preserved was written when he was eighteen, from Southampton, where he was ill: "William no doubt informed you that I have had two returns of the same fever which you'll easily suppose has very much altered me in so much that I'm left alone here and thereby prevented embarking with the Regt . . . and truly when I saw them march through the town with the Colours flying and the Drums beating and the fynes playing and my Brothers<sup>1</sup> with them I fealt very much. However I am in a fair way of recovery and hope a Pacquet will soon waft me to the island of Guernsey. I live with a very attentive Land-Lady who makes market for me, and that too as cheap as possible (though in another letter he complains that a chicken, with the charge for roasting cost him 2s., whereas he could have had as good a one in Banff for 6d.) I must mention that Will and Sandy are in fine health and spirits—indeed Sandy is a very fine creature, good natured, affable and easy, and does not show the least likeing to drink, which I look upon to be a great blessing. William also conducts himself with real prudence and what I value above all is his affection for me—during the time I was ill he acted both the duty of a father and a brother."

This letter is almost the only one in which Lieut. John has not to describe himself as in some difficulty, financial or otherwise. Two years later he writes from Louth, Ireland, explaining that he has spent £20 beyond his pay on new uniform, sword, sash, etc. The letter is endorsed by his father:—"Lt. John Rose asking £20. He had just got 12 guineas. I gave him this £20, also my advice, 23 July 1796."

<sup>1</sup>William, aged 20, and Alexander, not yet 16.

John's reply from Haslar guard-room regrets " that I am obliged to make so many demands on you, who must be fully as much straitened for effects as myself, having your family dispersed in different parts of the Kingdom where we never could have been had not your Talents and incessant labour carryed us. . . I feel for a Father having twelve and who have little to depend on besides their own exertions and good behaviour."

Unfortunately, John's " exertions and good behaviour " were conspicuous by their absence. It is amazing how William Rose, considering his own financial position, could have attempted to have three sons in the Army. With the next three he became wiser, and put them into professions where at least they could earn a livelihood. John goes on:—" Forgive me for speaking thus, for my heart is full of affection and veneration for you, and may God Almighty grant that I may by some charm or other get a wife that's both beautiful and rich by which I'll be enabled to show my wish for your prosperity."

A month later he writes, acknowledging more money from his father, and virtuously announcing: " Port and snuff I have quareled with and I hope soon to be able to banish a number of other vices which are natural to the human frame." The regiment was then moved into camp near Weymouth, where he complains of very hard work. " The Lines has turned out to the King and Prince of Wales several times but the day before yesterday his Majesty gave us work in earnest having put the whole in motion at seven in the morning and did not allow us to take our breaths till on a very rough and extensive Common at least 16 miles from Camp which we occupied until five in the afternoon practising the different manuers and firings of a Battle all planned by

our Generals Pitt, Cathcart, Dundas etc. You would laugh to see all our black Drummers—and the black that beats the big drum is the finest I ever saw being six feet 3 inches and a half and well made. They all have turbans, which is a great ornament.”

In October he writes to his father from winter quarters in Weymouth, and after describing how the officers of the 29th (who had been in the West Indies) had rejoined the regiment, he continues:—“ But to come to the Question. The cheapest Mess that could be formed is at the rate of 3 shillings and 6 pence a day for dinner and a pint of wine. Now you know that my pay does not exceed that sum and should I join, it will not be very easy for me to buy cloaths etc. but should I not join I’ll be looked on as not very genteel, which you know my friends would not like, and I’m sure they would rather pay any little difference than that I should not appear neighbourlike. In answer to this let me know if I’ll mess with the rest of the officers at the above rate. Perhaps Wm. will pay the half for me. If not, I must trust to the generosity of some one else. My most intimate friends (who are poor like myself) think it proper to join the above mess as they say the not complying will be looked upon as very mean and say they ‘Be in it, even though it should pinch you a little.’

Your ever dutiful son

Jo. ROSE.”

William Rose’s annotations on this letter are long and somewhat illegible, the paper also being torn.

“Ans 19 Oct. considered of my accountancy. . . . do as he pleased. . . . wish him comfortable.”

He appears to have been unaccountably soft-hearted towards this scapegrace son. One wonders how he took the next letter:—

17 Dec. 1796. Weymouth.

“My dearest Father,

When I write you now be prepared to hear the result of a quarrel which makes me look on my past conduct with all the indignation possible and which I shall make known to you being certain that you ever have been a good and very indulging Parent—indeed often so when I did not deserve encouragement, but Providence who has the wisest ends to fulfil has given me a share both of blessings and adversities and has also bestowed on me understanding to avoid those adversities, with a warm heart to render thanks for those blessings, but I’m sensible I’ve frequently made a very bad use of indulgence, and particularly in the present instance which I shall candidly declare. About a fortnight ago two officers and myself with that horrid assistance, liquor, were on our way to a house and one of us stumbled upon a window and broke it, upon which the proprietor came out and asked for payment, to which we returned for answer that it would be paid tomorrow and by this time a considerable number of inhabitants had gathered about us, whom one of us ordered to depart which they did not do; then I immediately gave one of them a stroke with my fist which brought him to the ground—after which one of the officers drew his sword and cut at the man who was down and fortunately he put up his hand which saved his head from being fractured. His hand however is so much cutt

that he will never have the use of two fingers. The consequence of this shameful procedure was a warrant against us three for assault and battery which certainly was so, for when officers will do such things who are sent by the King to keep the peace, what is to be expected—Nothing but disgrace, the idea of which at one time so overwhelmed me that I intended throwing up my Commission and enlist a private soldier. But I took the advice of Lord Cathcart, who told me that rather than bring it to a tryall, settle it with any sum. Then I began to rack my brains about the means of payment and what sum the injured party would ask, which was sixty guineas for the three, a sum far above my fortune, far above the fortunes of the other two but which we said we would endeavour to procure rather than disgrace our familys and the Regt. We three have resolved not to drink a drop of strong drink for a twelve month to come. Accordingly we went to an officer of the regt who procured the money and it was paid with a tear in our eye. We said to ourselves how are we to subsist? for twenty guineas are four months pay. In short I never will forgive myself and must live on a shilling a day till paid. The other two officers have wrote home and are in hopes their parents will have compassion on them and will help them. I'll conclude and hope that you may forgive me. Remember me in the kindest manner to my Dear Mother and all at home and altho I have been a little unfortunate, believe me to be your most affectionate and dutifull son

JO. ROSE."

There is no record of the answer which the plausible young scoundrel received, but he did not at this time have to leave the regiment. In the following year he seems himself to have thought it desirable. He writes from Bideford, 7th June, 1797:—

“My ever dear Father and Mother,

I find that I cannot live in the Army without displeasing you and injuring my own constitution. In the former respect by drawing on your pocket and injuring my Mother and Brothers and Sisters of course, and in the latter respect by too much dissipation and idle company of which the greater part of the army consists, and I find my disposition such that I cannot resist the above temptations.” He therefore begs his father to arrange for him to leave the Army—if possible, to retire on half-pay—though then only 20. “If not I will endeavour to sell out. View this my dear Father with composure and if you can, get me out of this depraved way of life, as I’m both too guileless and too young and every day more foolish. I see all this and do most sincerely think I would be much happier and more successful in your neighbourhood by applying to some other profession.”

At the same time he writes to his brother James, on the usual topic—borrowing:—

Bideford. June 10, 1797.

“I am confident you will hear the complainings of a fond brother who has been rather unfortunate. I at different times received money from my father and applied it to different things which were partly useful and



partly not, from which circumstances I find myself as disagreeably off as I was when I received the money." He then goes on to enumerate debts of about £50, which he begs his brother to pay for him, and adds: "Until I'm out of the Army I never can be a good man, which I shall try by every possible means, and to regain my father's good opinion."

He was presumably helped once again, and remained in the Army, for in 1798 he writes from Plymouth, suggesting that his father should buy him a company in the 29th Regiment. William Rose seems really to have been willing to do this, but was dissuaded by his brother-in-law, Dr. James Robinson, who had had a great deal of trouble with his three wild nephews, and, moreover, knew how very unstable was poor William Rose's own financial position. He advanced £30 to John, which James Rose-Innes refunded. Shortly after this, undeterred by former refusals, John writes again to brother James at Netherdale, and encloses a tailor's bill which he asks to have paid! as he will otherwise not be able to sail with the regiment; and again to his father in the same strain, just before they start for Ireland to assist in subduing the rebellion there. In a P.S. he says: "I have given a small bill on you for £3 being a balance I am due in my lodgings. Don't be angry with me. I'll write soon."

Three months later he returned from Ireland in disgrace. Uncle James Robinson writes from Parliament Street to William Rose:—

Sept. 20. 1798.

"My dear Sir,

I have delayed writing concerning John Rose's arrival in town from Ireland—first because I really

wanted courage, next because I wished to hear more of the circumstances which rendered his exchange from the 29th necessary.

John, who from having been very high and unruly has become somewhat more tractable from his necessities, asserts that there is nothing against him but his having been found off his picquet guard (according to another letter, he had left it to "visit a lady"). Till yesterday I could take no decisive step for him, as he proudly declared his resolution to act for himself, but his own improprieties have now put him more in my power, and he has by my request written me a letter to thank me for my application to Mr. Donaldson, and solemnly promised to be entirely guided by his and my advice. The worthy Donaldson is in hopes of getting him exchanged into another regiment, in which if we succeed, unless indeed he is a determined miscreant, he will be in a way to support himself and have no further claim on your paternal supplies. I will write you as we proceed. Meantime so much resignation on your part and that of poor dear Mary is necessary. So will use further exertion both for him who is without a farthing and almost without a shirt, and also for Alec who I suppose you know is also here. . . . I have put John under a plan of living as economical as possible—to dine with me and undertaken for his bed and other matters. If you can establish a credit to me of abt. £50 I will husband it, but don't trust either with a farthing."

This was accompanied by a somewhat incoherent letter from John, maintaining that he had done nothing

dishonourable, but *preferred* to exchange into another regiment rather than have anything more said. A month later he writes as if nothing had happened:—

Charles St. Westminster. Oct. 8. 1798.

“ My dear Father,

Since I returned to England nothing in the smallest disastrous has occurred to me, who am recovering of a slight indisposition, the effects of occasional irregularities, but chiefly of nocturnal colds and fatigues which necessarily we were exposed to when reducing the county of Wexford to subjection. I am now attended by my Uncle gratis and must soon be completely cured. Then after I shall repair to my Regiment, never wishing to quit my present pursuits perceiving the disadvantage of an alteration. . . . Alexander has returned to his duty. Lecture him properly on what is past, and to come. Indeed they must take things easy in his Regiment as I understand no notice was taken of his unpardonable misconduct.”

Finally, in November, 1798, John Rose joined his new Regiment, the 9th, at Yarmouth, and writes to ask his father's help in buying new accoutrements. “If you can assist me in their purchase I shall be pretty well off—I must leave that to you, having brought on my present removal myself—but believe me my resolution has been tried. My love to all at home.”

John Rose died unmarried, but the time and place of his death are unknown. He is never heard of in the family correspondence after the age of 22, until his aunt, Mrs. Cuming, asks after him in 1808, he being then “an

invalid.” From a letter written in 1823 by his youngest brother, Hugh Hay Rose, it would appear that John, as well as William, became mentally deranged, also deaf. Hugh Hay, in describing all the objections raised against himself by his prospective father-in-law, Mr. Waddell, says, “I am described as a selfish cunning fortune-hunter, not clever and very indolent, subject to low spirits and particularising at the same time the situation of our two poor brothers.” Fortunately, however, the circumstance was not allowed to interfere with Hugh Hay’s happiness. His career, a distinguished one, will be treated of later.

## CHAPTER VI.

**Mary—1778-1828.**

MARY, the eldest daughter of William Rose, was born on 26th March, 1778. There were, as has been seen, three brothers older, and four more were born before another girl arrived, so she was extremely precious in her parents' eyes. When she was thirteen, it was proposed to send her to France to the care of a Cuming cousin, and her uncle, Dr. Robinson, writes to her father his views on the subject:—

Parliament St., Mar. 2, 1791.

“My dear Sir,

Much do I wish that my ability to advise you on the subject of your letter of the 23rd ult. was equal to my desire of contributing to the advantage of you and yours. I must say however that your intended scheme for my dear Mary strikes me as eligible—from my having heard that Colonel Cuming lives in a style of genteel life much calculated to improve her sentiments and manners, without acquiring ideas of extravagance and silly vanity which I am sorry to say I think are the too frequent acquirements of our female academies. All the proper considerations however, I hope you and Mrs. Rose have well weighed—if these are settled there can be little hesitation about getting her transferred. Let her be put under the care of the first decent matron you hear of coming to London

in some of the smacks either from Banff or Aberdeen, and I need not assure you that she shall be tended and fostered wt. every possible love by Mrs. R. and me. Our mansion is small, but a little place shall be contrived for her—and if no other mode of conveyance can be contrived, I will myself see her into the French dominions where perhaps Colonel Cuming might meet us half way. Mrs. R. unites in every good wish to you all with your sincerely attached.

JAS. ROBINSON.”

It does not appear that Mary Rose ever went to France, but she came south once at least in her girlhood to school, shortly after the date of her uncle’s letter, and writes to her father from Cornhill, No. 52 :—

20 March, 1791.

“I am now at Cornhill with Lexie. My uncle gave me leave to go with her, for I go nowhere without his concurrence. . . . I have not been very well this while with the chilblains in my feet, they have broke and been very troublesome to me and London don’t agree with me at all, however it is for my good I am here. Many a time do I wish to be at home with you. I am in Gough House, like to starve of cold and dare not go near the fire to warm myself. We are half starved with hunger too and that is very hard for me to bear that has been used to such plenty, but I hope you will not allow me to stay longer than this year at any reat.”

On 30th July, 1792, she writes again, from Parliament Street :—

“My dear Father,

The silence of you and my Mother surprises me very much, I expected to have heard before I returned to school. I go tomorrow to Gough House as the holidays end today. Mrs. Robinson joins me in begging of you not to send me back to school after Christmas as I can go on much better with my education at my Uncle's and have much better masters, for they are very inattentive to that at school. They can teach you to be a fine lady and I am sure you can never wish me to be that. The expense of it is very great likewise, and I am afraid it will never be in my power to repay you or my Mother again, but when I come home it will be my greatest pleasure to try and make myself useful to you.”

The following, concerning the famous Chevalier d'Eon, is the most interesting letter she wrote:—

Jan. 21, 1793.

“My dear Mother,

I am affraid you will think that I have forgot my promise of writing often but the truth is we have been out every day for this last week. On Wednesday we went to a public breakfast given by Madame d'Eon, she appeared in petticoats for the last time as the French people have given her the command of 5000 men. Their were fencing also and she fenced with two or three gentlemen and beat them hollow—we went to breakfast at two o'clock their were 200 people there.

I wish you could send something to Mrs. Robinson (her aunt) for her kindness to me since I have been here

and as I have not any opportunity here to get anything and I would like you to send it, she would think the more of it. I would be obliged to you if you would send me here two or three white Petticoats as I wear my gowns open. I should like them to be very nice as they are for top ones. Give my duty to my Father and love to Brothers and sisters and I am

Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

M. ROSE."

She was married just *before* she was sixteen to William, eldest son of Alex. Gordon of Aberdour, and had six sons and ten daughters:—

Mary, the eldest, born 6th February, 1795 (before her mother was seventeen!); married John Dingwall of Brucklay, and had one son, John Duff Dingwall, murdered at Carlisle, 1840.

Penelope, the third daughter, born 3rd January, 1799; married Patrick Duff, younger of Carnousie, and had three children, but the family is now extinct.

Huntly, the fourth, married Peter Rose of Demerara, some kind of cousin.

Madeline married John M'Gusty.

Alicia married David Bridges; and the five other daughters died unmarried.

Alexander, the eldest son, fought at Waterloo, and was killed in a duel at Cambrai. The second Alexander left a family in South Africa.

William was in the Navy, and married twice. The others died young.

After William Rose's death, when Mrs. Rose was in financial difficulties, her son-in-law, William Gordon, offered her a shelter at Boyndlie, and suffered a good deal



of inconvenience from his mother-in-law not paying her debts. Eventually he had to ask her to leave. None of Mary Gordon's later letters are of much interest, except one in which she urges her brother Patrick to make arrangements to remove their mother from Boyndlie.

"Mr. Gordon has been presented with a bill of hers for sixty pounds for groceries in Fraserburgh—25 of which he has paid to prevent our being affronted for ever. He has been presented with her different bills to numbers of people and thinks if something is not soon thought of to provide or relieve her, she will soon be lodged in gaol. What a dreadful thought. . . Mr. G. is so angry at my Mother he swears he will never see her again and I fear I shall be obliged to make her move from Boyndlie. The only way she can be saved is by moving from this country South as soon as possible. I warn you, my dear Patrick, and for God's sake see and get something done as soon as possible. The people in this corner will not be out of their money and I dread the consequences."

Mary Gordon died in 1828, ten years before her mother.

## CHAPTER VII.

**Alexander—1779-1813.**

ALEXANDER, the fifth child, fourth son, and third soldier in the family, was born 30th May, 1779. According to tradition, he was "a handsome and dashing officer," and from one of his own letters it is known that he had his portrait done in London and sent home to his family, but it cannot now be traced. He seems to have been the most extravagant of the three young bloods who drained their father's resources, and in the thirty-odd letters which have survived, all written between the ages of 18 and 23, there is scarcely one that does not ask for something. Money from his father and brothers, both older and younger—to pay his constant debts; money and clothes from his mother and uncle; a very large lump sum from his father to purchase promotion, etc. At one time he makes a somewhat cool suggestion that if his father and brother James (who had married an heiress) would double his pay and send it to him regularly once a quarter, it would save them the inconvenience of having to provide larger sums at irregular intervals! He had two matrimonial projects, neither of which came to anything. He saw a certain amount of foreign service, became a major in his regiment, the 20th, and was killed leading a forlorn hope at the siege of San Sebastian in 1813. No letters of Alexander's school days exist. He probably went into the Army straight from Banff, as Lord Fife obtained an ensigncy for him through Lord Amherst in March, 1794, before he was fifteen; and a

list of 38 recruits raised in Banff in April, 1794, ready to march with him, has been preserved. It was at this time that his father commanded a company of volunteers.

The first letter is from Lichfield, 7th February, 1797.

“My dear Father, I have the unhappiness to acquaint you that yesterday the Regt. received orders to march to Liverpool about 60 miles from this, and I really think it is very hard because of our late march from Exeter—but to tell the truth a soldier is only a machine and the people in office use him as such. Now, to come to the point, on leaving a Town you know a soldier has always some debt, but I hope you will excuse me for bringing it in in this manner and if you could conveniently send me some money. . . . You must know that it is impossible for me to live altogether without assistance, but I am ashamed to tell the sum I would require to take me to our new quarters which I am sorry to tell you is very heavy, it being upward of 20 guineas. . . . It is not the debts here, they don’t amount to about the half of it, but it is the expenses on the road which at least will be 6 sh. a day and that is 3s. more than my pay, now if you could send it me here it will be a means of keeping me from goal (sic). I hope you will give me a satisfactory answer and that as soon as possible, as undoubtedly we will march before Tuesday or thereabouts and I am affraid that I will be detained behind the Regt. till I get your answer.”

A month later he writes again from Liverpool. Abject thanks for pecuniary assistance “and the sweet and parently advice you gave me. I expected some

reproach for being so expensive, which upon all occasions I try to avoid. You may rely upon it that I shall keep out of the way of all dissipation and avoid taking snuff which you are so averse to, and now I have put myself under the protecting wing of a lady who has given me a great deal of advice about that. . . . Give my best love to my brother William and tell him I often want his friendly advice. . . . I still hope to meet with him in England."

Only a fortnight later (9th April, 1797), he applies to his mother:—"My finances being again in a very low condition, I am under the necessity of again troubling you in a manner that I am almost ashamed of. I have been very much obliged to the Surgeon of the Regt. whom I had from time to time of 10 pounds. He, getting leave of absence, was obliged to borrow of Jarman in Liverpool who yesterday demanded it of me and not being in those affluent circumstances which I could wish, am obliged to have it of the paymaster under promise of immediate payment on receipt of the money, and having done so, hope the proceedings will meet with your approbation. . . . I had a letter the other day from my uncle in London but he says nothing about the coat, though I gave him some very broad hints."

On 26th April, 1798, he writes again to his mother from Manchester, lamenting that both she and his father fail to approve of his "great regard for the young lady"<sup>1</sup> but promising that he will "not perform any action derogatory either to the feelings or character of an officer and Gentleman which you think I should do by rashly connecting myself with a sweet young girl. I shall endeavour to think so also. . . . I shall try what absenting myself from her will do and by explaining the

<sup>1</sup>Whose name he does not give. No more was heard of this girl.

reason and shewing her my father's letter to account for my conduct. I was alarmed at the account of my Brother.'" (William's madness was just appearing.) The P.S. says as usual, "I am very poor, let me hear from you soon."

In July he was with his regiment at Totnes, having been on various recruiting and route marches through England. He describes Devonshire as "a very dull place but a most beautiful county, very expensive at the same time. Sir James Innes lives somewhere in these parts. I shall try and find him out." From letters of Sir James to Alex. Rose's father, it appears that he did find Sir James, and borrowed money from him also! He goes on: "My brother James is very much displeased with me for making such frequent demands on him for money, but was he to know the people I have been living with and the great expense of travelling, he would not be surprised." He then goes on to make the amazing proposal referred to above—viz., that his father and eldest brother should allow him £68 8s. 9d. a year, paid quarterly, and then he need not run long bills. "It will not come so hard on my friends as when I am obliged to have large sums at a time." If his suggestion was agreed to, he certainly had the large sums as well!

In April, 1798, he writes to William from Manchester<sup>1</sup>:—"I confess I have not been at all prudent for twelve months back and have spent my money before it was in my possession altho' I have been very benevolently supplied by both my Father and Mother as likewise by Innes. (Either his brother James Rose Innes or Sir James Innes.) Of the latter I had £50 about ten

<sup>1</sup>William apparently was still at home, and had not yet been put under restraint. Alexander tries to borrow money from *him*.

weeks ago but this did not pay all my bills in Liverpool. I left that town in debt to my taylor to the amount of £24 and several sums besides to the officers of the Regt. . . . but what is still worse than all I have said, I have engaged myself to a young lady in marriage who is as penniless as myself. However that is no obstacle in my way as she is the most divine of her sex—and I find it a wise plan, as it will steady me and save me from many foolish flippancies which I would otherwise run into. . . .” (Nothing, fortunately, came of this project.) He goes on: “Dear Brother, I hope you will think on my present embarrassments. I am really in distress, not having a single halfpenny to pay off my lodgings.” Shortly after this time he was arrested for debt in London.

On 2nd November, 1799, he writes to his father again from Totnes:—“I am at present urged forward by the impresses of necessity therefore hope you will excuse the request I am about to make. There are two people about me now, pestering me for the sum of £30.” March 14th, 1799—still from Totnes—he again begs for money “for reliefe from the hands of Bailiffs who have been after me now more than two months, and by some chance and the faithfullness of a trusty Irish servant, I have been able only to escape their vigilance. Yesterday they were half way up the stair but by some trick or other my man turned them both out. Do, my dr father, let me implore of you to settle the business. It is a debt contracted to a taylor when I was last in London—by name Monkhouse, No. 36 Jermyn St.—£19 13s. 9d.”

Nothing more is now heard of him till August, 1799, when he writes from Barram Down Camp, Canterbury, and thanks his mother for her letter, “on which the Paymaster of the Regiment is to let me have £20.” He was then starting on foreign service, and on his return (17th

November), writes from Norwich, having just landed at Yarmouth, after an agreeable passage of twelve days, "in the *Ardromeda* frigate, from Holland." He begs his mother to send him some more shirts, as those he has at present are "unfitted for further service." During his absence abroad, several of his creditors in Totnes had been writing direct to his father. In December, from Ashford, he wishes to know whether his father will now purchase him a company. (He was then only 20.)

In March, 1800, he writes to his brother James (promising it shall be for the last time), and asks for "£30 if you can conveniently spare more, so much the better. Think of the unhappy predicament of your affectionate and obliged Alex. Rose."

Two days later, he writes again asking his father if the latter will purchase a company for him at fifteen hundred guineas. This must have been almost staggering to poor William Rose, who had already lost his position with Lord Fife, was plunged in law suits, and but for the fact that the eldest son and the four youngest were of better stuff than William, John and Alexander, must have already been bankrupt several times over. As a pendant to the request for £1500 to be expended on his behalf, Alexander adds that he is reduced to his "last shirt."

In June he writes to his mother from Collishill, Worcestershire, on the march, saying that he is "now so poor that our commanding officer, Captain Stevens, has been obliged to pay my way since I left Canterbury, so I hope you will let me have some money by the time I arrive at Liverpool."

In July he writes to his father from Hillsea Barracks, Portsmouth, acknowledging money! The regiment is ordered on foreign service, and he hopes for

regimental promotion—which he received in August, being gazetted a captain-lieutenant, dated 15th June, 1800. He, of course, again asks his father for money to fit himself out.

On 18th September he writes:—"On board the Osborne, Spithead. We have at last left the shocking barracks at Hilsea and are thus far on our way to the Mediterranean, but as there is no convoy appointed, it is most probable the ships will not leave Spithead until the latter end of this month, after which as I am informed we shall proceed to Minorca to join the Army of our countryman Sir Ral. Abercrombie." On the 5th of October he is still at Portsmouth, and writes asking for £6 or £7—"I shall when I get out, send you an order on my Bat and Forrage Money for that sum, which I can very easily do, as I shall not then want the money."

On the 22nd of October, still not having sailed, he begins to worry about the possibility of being placed on half-pay in the event of a peace, "as I am only a 2nd Cap.-Lieut."

On 18th November he writes that he is ill, and before the regiment actually sailed for Minorca he was obliged to return to the hated Hillsea, from which he writes several very gloomy letters. Major-General Whitelocke insisted on his taking up his quarters in the uncomfortable barracks, and "I am now very unhappy and to close my miserable story, am detestably poor. To be without friends, money, health all combined are dreadful." He had apparently forestalled his pay up to the end of the month, and, as usual, expects his father to keep him. In January, 1801, he asks for £10 for his messing bills, "as my indisposition for some time back has obliged me to be more luxurious than otherwise I should have, had my health been good." To his brother Patrick he writes that



he intends now to apply for three months' leave. "When I get that, I shall be able, being at home, to fudge out an excuse for some more." He intends to go to Banff in a sloop—at the cost of two or three guineas, which he begs his father to send. He says he is now cured, but "cursed thin, but have no doubt shall speedily recover when I get under the hands of my Mother."

In July, 1800, he is again in London, about at length to rejoin his regiment, and again asking his father for money.

On the 5th of September, from Torbay:—"Since we left Spithead have been beating about, down as far as Falmouth—from contrary winds it is now the general opinion there will be no move for a fortnight. It is reported here as authentic that Alexandria has surrendered, in that case Giberalter will most likely bring us up. . . . Then my purpose will be better answered, having no inclination to go out at present, not being by any means fit for service. . . . I am very bad off for stock to live on during the passage. I wish you would write Mr George Cob (near the Bridge, Totness) who lives very near this, to furnish me with what I want. Otherwise I shall have to live on Salt junk all the way out which will not very well accord with my state of health."

He apparently went on foreign service but it is not known where. The only subsequent letter is written from Malta, 20th February, 1802, to his brother Patrick:—"I have long had an intention without resolution before now, to make you the Agent of my intended views with our Father as far as Military matters go." He is very anxious to obtain the rank of major before the end of war, and suggests that some of their relations "are very much obliged to my father," and might perhaps provide the money! It is not known whether the step which was

eventually obtained was by purchase or otherwise. He concludes the letter by saying: "I have made great enquiries since I came to the Regiment to find out to whom I am indebted for my rank (i.e., *the captaincy*), and am sensible Pitfour <sup>1</sup> had nothing to do with it."

As already mentioned, Alexander Rose was killed in action, 1813. His sash and sword are now in the possession of his great-nephew, M'Iver Campbell of Ballochyle.

<sup>1</sup>James Ferguson, the member for Banffshire.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**Patrick—1780-1844.**

WITH Patrick Rose, fifth son and sixth child of William and Mary Rose, born 12th November, 1780, an entirely new era seems to have begun in the family. Though only a year younger than his brother Alexander, who, as has been seen, was completely ruined from his earliest youth by injudicious spoiling and extravagance, Patrick was from the beginning brought up as a poor man's son. Though he never seems to have had the charm and affectionate nature which distinguished the three younger brothers—George, Andrew, and Hay—and though in after-life he was involved in financial disaster for himself and others, yet in his youth he was certainly "the industrious apprentice," and never brought sorrow or disgrace on his parents and family, like the three wild soldiers, William, John and Alexander. His early education seems to have been acquired in Banff. When sixteen he writes from Montcoffer to his father at Aberdour (in a neat, clerkly hand, which must have put his father to shame), asking if he and Andrew may continue their lessons with a French master until proficient in that language. In the following year these two were sent to Edinburgh, and the letters written on the way by the hand of Andrew, who was fifteen, appear more appropriately here, as they signalise the beginning of the new scheme pursued by William Rose in bringing up the second half of his large family.

Adam's Hotel, Aberdeen,

Nov. 17, 1798.

"My dear Mother,

We arrived yesterday here and went immediately down to the shore expecting to be immediately called on board but the man said that the ship would not sail till Saturday, then Monday, then Tuesday and last of all does not know when he is to sail, so that we know not whether we should stay here or come home—living here being at no less than 6s. a day.<sup>1</sup> The propriety of our staying here or coming home we leave to you entirely.

In haste We are yours

P. & A. ROSES."

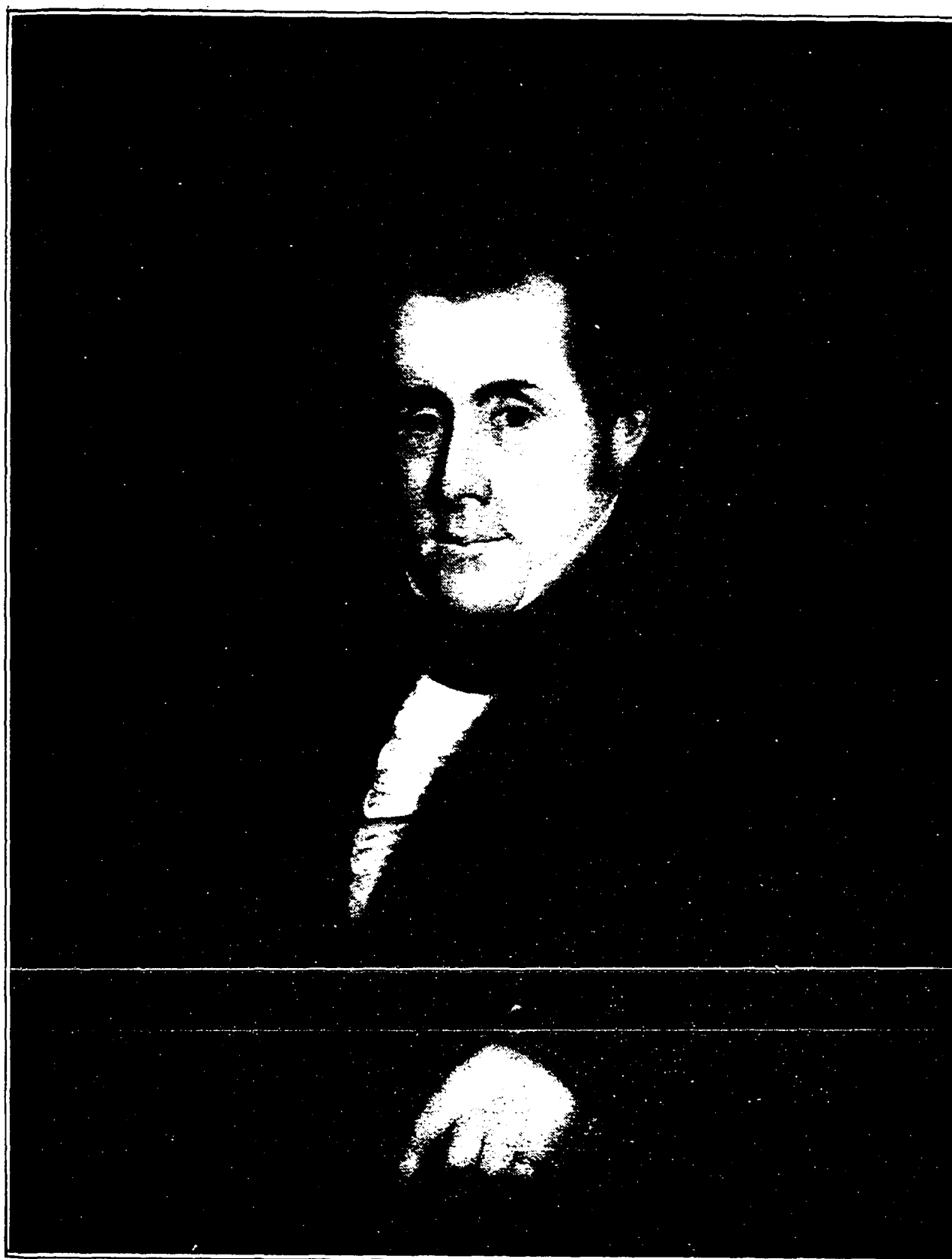
Three days later:—

20 Nov. 1798.

"We have been hanging on in Abn. these three days every day expecting an answer to our letter which is the more necessary as it will advise us what to do in our expensive situation. In order to save money we not only wanted (i.e., *did without*) supper, but even said to the Waiter that we were going out to dine and after walking for an hour stepped into a baker's shop, bought a penny loaf and dined upon it.<sup>2</sup> By this description you will see that we wish to live upon as little as possible. The Master of the Ship does not know when he is to sail—he says they

<sup>1</sup>For the two.

<sup>2</sup>Compare this with their brother, John, expecting his father and brother to share his mess and wine bills, in order that he may be "genteel."



Patrick Rose,  
5th son of William Rose.

From a Portrait in possession of Mrs. Suart.



are better in the Harbour in this stormy weather. All our things are put on board, for a receipt.

Your dutiful and aff. Sons,

P. & A. ROSES.

We fell in with Prov. William Robinson, who invited us to supper, and we will never forget his kindness upon that occasion."

On Nov. 21, the next day:—

" We went down again to the ship to see if there was any prospect of her sailing, but as yet there is none, nor is she expected to sail this week—the sailors themselves being afraid to face the weather in this boisterous season. On this account, finding that our expenses in Abn. for a week would amount to more than would take us to Arbroath where we can live free of expense with our uncle (who we know is desirous to have us for a few days) in the Mail Coach, we have therefore taken a seat for that place—hoping that this will meet with your approbation as well as our Father's. When we arrive at Arbroath we intend to *walk* or go by some other cheap conveyance, but we think we will be as long at Arbroath that you may advise us. Another reason for going to our Uncle is that the ship when she does sail will be full of women passengers (perhaps not so clean as we would wish) for the town of Edinburgh.

We are yr dutiful and affec. sons,

P. & A. ROSES.

"As two seats in the Mail for Arbroath could not be had to-day there being only one, Peter sett out on it at

10 minutes before this. I will follow to-morrow, Thursday, there, where we expect an advice what to do, that place being distant from Edinburgh (not including the ferrys) going by Dundee 51 miles. ANDREW ROSE."

In the following January, 1799, Patrick, then eighteen, writes three folio pages in copperplate to his father:—"I think it is a duty incumbent on me as well as a pleasure at this time to do so, in order that you may be informed with our situation and how our studies go on, which I know is the only thing that interests you in particular here, so I shall confine myself chiefly to this subject and endeavour to give you as minute an account thereof as possible." The three boys, Patrick, George, and Andrew, were then keeping house in Advocates Close, with an old servant sent up by their mother, and the vigilant eye of an uncle upon them. They had apparently spent six guineas in two months "in support of the house" for the four of them. "You will perhaps, my dear Father, think that we are rather extravagant, no doubt we would be so if this money had all been spent in eatables but it is not so, for more than the half of it has been paid away for small accounts due at our arrival. Carriage and freights, Coals and such like. . . . You will find that we could not have been more economical tho' still it is certainly a very considerable sum, but my earnest wish is, that we may live, God willing, not only to show our gratitude and duty for the many blessings that we have received at your hand, but also to repay it tenfold." George was reported to be "studying hard that he may pass soon as a surgeon," and Andrew to have begun his labours with Mr. Connell, a surveyor. Patrick himself was working at the Law. "Mr. Mack, I am happy to say still entertains the same good opinion of me that he did and every day heaps new favours upon me of



their own kind, that is giving me plenty to do. . . Mr. Mack's attention to me, I'm beginning to perceive breads umbrage, but that does not signify so long as I continue to do my duty and whilst my master is pleased with me." His intolerable self-satisfaction was, no doubt, galling to the other lads in the office!

In the next letter he answers queries from his father about the law papers in connection with the Rannes estate, and from his mother as to the state of Andrew's underclothing! In April, 1799, he writes that with money earned by his *pen* he has bought a new blue coat, a vest for every day, and two pairs of dress breeches. He hopes to be allowed to come north in August to see all his family, and he mentions "poor brother William," who was still in confinement near Edinburgh.

On the 22nd August he writes with a list of the "Clothes required by William in the House of the man who keeps him." "His blue coat, a dark waistcoat, two pairs of dark corduroy Breeches to save washing, four shirts, he has two, which makes half a dozen, let it not be of the finest. I expect to be with you in less than 12 days, for relief is daily expected by the arrival of the other clerk from the north."

In March, 1800, he writes again from Edinburgh. Andrew was by this time established in Glasgow, and Patrick and George keeping house alone in Advocates Close. Patrick adopts a somewhat patronising elder-brotherly tone with regard to George. "The sooner he is in the field of his profession the better. The passing at Surgeon's Hall of course must be the preliminary step and had he only the means, viz. the money, to the extent of eight or ten pounds, he has no objection to appear before the faculty to-morrow that they might examine

him how they pleased. But he wishes to confine the knowledge of his intentions on these points entirely to yourself. . . He says he would wish to study another winter in Edinburgh that thereby and by attending the proper classes, you willing, he would drown the appellation of a Surgeon in the preferable one of that of a Doctor of Medicine, and the passing at Surgeon's Hall would in all probability be the means of paving the way to that summit of glory to which he aspires.<sup>1</sup> . . It now remains for me to say a few words on family matters if I may be allowed the expression. As we are in daily expectation of John Milne's smack at Leith and as our term is near run, I think it would be most advisable to send with him to the north those articles of household furniture for which we have no immediate occasion, such as your Bed, sofa, Drawers, Table and other Crockery etc, but this entirely depends on your approbation."

In 1800, being temporarily in Elgin, he writes to his mother to know whether he "may have George's great coat or not. My father when he saw me without one, had compassion on me and surely so will you. I will either accept of it or the Tartan plaid. Write in answer to this and every now and then to enliven the spirits of your attached son

PAT ROSE."

A letter of 10th December, 1800, again shows Patrick's economical mind. He is hoping to send his mother a "wild goose" when he can obtain one, and continues:—

"My father to be sure ordered me to take off (i.e., order) a great coat, but the expense is so great that I

<sup>1</sup>As George was *just* eighteen, Surgeons and Doctors degrees must have been easily obtained in those days.

would rather prefer George's old one, so you can send it. By the way when I left Gask I forgot to take with me a pair of cotton drawers and a yellow stript vest, so be so good as to send them with a pair or two of plain grey worsted stockings if you can spare them. . . . Wash the great coat. I kept a pair of my father's flanel drawers. Do you wish them?"

Patrick concluded his law studies in Edinburgh, and returned to Banff, where he resided for many years. He was sheriff-clerk from 1804, at the age of 24, to 1844, when he died. He married, in 1815, Maria Theresa Wemyss of Craighall, and had nine children. An immense number of his own letters were preserved with his father's papers, but nearly all on business, many referring to his father's embarrassed financial position and to the disputes with Lord Fife. At William Rose's death, Patrick assumed management of affairs, and dealt with his father's debts and the care of his mother. From some of the letters from his uncle, George Robinson, W.S., it would appear that Patrick was neither very pleasant to deal with, nor very grateful for help. It was he also who sold large numbers of his father's genealogical collections and other papers. After he left Banff and settled in Edinburgh he himself went bankrupt. He died in Banff, 2nd July, 1844, and is buried in Alvah with his father, his grandmother and two of his children.

His eldest son, William Wemyss, married in Sydney, and left a large family.

His second daughter, Anna, became the wife of Colonel Amsinck at Secunderabad.

The sixth and seventh children were twins, of whom the son, James, was godson to the 4th Lord Fife,

and the girl, Mary, married Lt. Henry Herbert, 7th Madras Light Infantry, who was lost at sea in 1860.

Elizabeth married Captain Swainson Suart, Bombay Engineers.

For the full list of his family, see page 182.

As Patrick Rose was the person who preserved all the Rose papers, some few letters of his own family are to be found amongst them. In 1840, his wife, with three of the children, Alexander, who was an invalid from an accident at school, Mary, the third daughter (one of the twins), and Bessie, the youngest daughter, left Banff and went to reside in France, from whence Mrs. Rose writes to her husband rather querulously that she is short of money.

There seems to have been a temporary separation between husband and wife, Patrick having with him only his youngest son, James, then sixteen. William, the eldest son, was doing for himself. Patrick, the second, had been drowned, Maria Theresa and Hugh had died in Banff and been buried in Alvah, and Anna, the elder daughter, was already married to Captain Amsinck in India.

On 9th October, Mrs. Rose wrote from Rouen :

“My dear Patrick,

We are every day hearing new cause for alarm about war. We went some days ago to the British Consul who told us we might be safe to remain a fortnight but that we should take out our passports to be in readiness, which we have done—they only cost betwixt

two and three franks and will not be great drainage should there no war take place. I have no wish to return at present to Scotland at all events. If we should be obliged to quit France, schools and living in London I know to be expensive, therefore I think my best plan would be to go from this direct to Southampton into some of the mild country towns of England for Alex's health and where I should get the girls education finished at a reasonable rate. I think I should like Taunton, to be near the school Mrs. Murray so much recommended. I of course will have my house rent here which is £16 a year to pay up in full. The furnishing as I mentioned to you before, I hire and pay by the quarter—for the first six months 400 Francs, making in English money £12.<sup>1</sup> You do not take any notice of my applications to you for a small additional sum quarterly which I cannot but think and feel to be very unreasonable after the appeal I made to you some time ago of the struggle and difficulty I had to manage to get my means to answer the necessary demands of my family. I have therefore to request for your family's sake you will be so good as let me have £10 a quarter in addition."

She then adds the copy of a letter she has sent to a Mr. Murray, a man of business, whom she urges to see that she gets the money she wants, if not from her husband; then from the money which should come to her from her father. War did not take place, and a month later Alexander wrote to his father

<sup>1</sup>In 1914 400 francs equalled £16, now they are worth less than £3.

Nov. 3, 1840.

chez Mademoiselle Lehalleur, Rue de l'Ecureuil, No. 13,  
Rouen.

“Dear Father,

You will see by our address that we have left the house which was in the suburbs and was not safe for an English family in winter months especially during the excited state of the country at present. The first of this month we entered a pension or boarding school in which we have taken lodgings. The girls attend the ordinary branches of this School. With regard to the pittance you promised to send us, when in Banff. You have not stood to your word in the natural sense of honor. You may humbug whom you will, but I am not put off with vain unfruitful words. My Mother is agitated to a very great degree on account that there is not sufficiency of means for procuring the common necessities of life. No people could have been more economical than we have been and instead of laying past money as you said my Mother would do, we are like to be on the edge of debt. For my own part, my clothes are all threadbare and not respectable. You did not answer my last letter or anything. I don't think you seem to care what I say. I do think you ought in bounden duty both to God and man to give something for my education, I have been doing nothing for the space of six months, surely it is time to begin now. Am I to be an idler? Will you or will you not allow me something for my learning—no beating about the bush any longer. I will not come to Banff

again if I can help it. Do you intend coming to Rouen next spring. Give my love to dear James. I remain your affectionate son,

A. G. ROSE."

A fortnight later, Alexander writes again and says they have "received no money and Mamma says she will be obliged to dispose of the silver plate she brought from Scotland, to maintain us. She considers herself very ill used" (as well she might).

Poor Alexander again begs for "£6 to put me to school," and adds, "Mary is much improved in singing. Elizabeth also will be a good singer. The character of the one is opinionative, the other giddy, foolish butterfly."

The poor boy never recovered his health, and died in London, at the age of twenty-five, and is buried in Kensal Green.

A month later, Patrick had a joint letter from his two daughters, Mary, aged sixteen, and Elizabeth, aged thirteen:—

Rouen, 14 Dec., 1840.

Mary speaks first.

"My dearest Papa,

We had the great pleasure of receiving yesterday your letter accompanying the charming letters from our dear brother and sister.<sup>1</sup> Mamma says we must soon be making some preparations for home. Anna mentioned in one of her letters that she would like me to go out to her in August, 1841, and Mamma has since written to her agreeing to that. As

<sup>1</sup>Anna, the eldest daughter, then in India, and her husband, Captain Amsinck.

Captain Amsinck has handsomely provided the sum necessary for the outfit and seeing it is quite at your command to draw when you choose, Mamma thinks you should send part of the money here as there are many of my things she would get better and cheaper than in England. I hope you will think about it my Dear Papa and write us in your next letter what you would think best to do. I must not leave off this letter till I tell you a little about our education. In the first place, we came to this school on the 1st Nov. It is not one of the most respectable, as Mamma's means cannot afford a better. At this school we have all the common branches of education and have been taking lessons in singing and guitar from one of the best masters in Rouen. You know Anna mentioned in one of her letters to us that the guitar was very much played in India and she wished me particularly to learn it that we may be able to play together. Mamma has not been able to give us any lessons in the piano, drawing and Italian since we came to Rouen, and it is only lately that we have begin to take lessons in singing and guitar, and Mamma says that unless she is immediately relieved of her debts they must be given up. Mamma is very vexed about it, but she cannot help it. I am sure you would be humbled if you saw the slavish work she is obliged to do, and it is hard she cannot get her means to do after all. My dear Papa, I hope you will think about this and clear us of the debt Mamma mentioned to you about, and allow us to have some additional pounds a quarter for music. It is 6 francs a lesson from one of the best masters and 60 francs



a month for drawing at the rate of three lessons a week. You know my time is precious, seeing I go to India in August. I am sure it is your ambition to have us well educated, therefore I trust you will exert your utmost and believe that we are doing the same. We were amused at your thinking we had laid in a stock of clothing for a long time. I assure you we have nothing but one decent frock for Sunday. Mamma is obliged to wash Elizabeth's frock when she takes it off at night to be ready again for the morning. There are some things very dear here, for example Mamma pays for a load of coal 31 francks. Medicines are also very dear, for an ounce of salts we pay 5 sous instead of 1 as in Banff. We had a letter from William.<sup>1</sup> He intends to come over about Christmas to see us. We will be delighted to see him, but Mamma does not know how in the world she will be able to keep him for in all probability Mamma will be obliged to pay for his lodgings here and then for his passage home again, for no doubt he will be as poor as the rest of us. The weather is excessively cold here in Winter. Mamma is confined to bed with a very bad cold and sore throat, she does not know how she will be able to make out the winter here for it is much colder than in our Country. I should feel much obliged if you could send us a little money about Christmas or the New Year for you remember there are many little things about that time we would like to buy.

Your affectionate daughter,

MARY G. ROSE."

<sup>1</sup>The eldest brother, then 24; he was in business in London, but always spent more money than he earned. In the following year he went to Australia.

In writing crossed over her sister's letter, the little Elizabeth writes:—

“My dearest Papa,

I am exceedingly sorry to trouble you, but necessity has no law. In finding that my patience is quite exhausted I fly to the last result (sic) of attacking dear Papa with a letter, who is too good not to keep his promise. If Papa remembers, before we left Banff, when sitting at dinner, he promised to send each of us sixpence weekly. I do beg of you however to send us something on the first day of the Year. I shall not mention how much I hope you will send me, but shall leave it to Papa's generosity. Be so kind as present my love to James and tell him I hope he will keep you in mind. I know Papa would not forget willingly, but “*come tout le monde*” in parting with money their memories require to be refreshed. Last Thursday the 10th, we went to see Napoleon's bones which passed in a steam-boat (on the River Seine). We unfortunately could not find a window and we did not see very well, being only upon the roads. His coffin was covered with violet velvet and gold. The quay was very prettily arranged. It was all surrounded with pyramids covered with violet cloth and gold, there was marked upon each pyramid the battles which he had fought. There was a chapel erected in purpose. All the priests walked in procession to the chapel with the archbishop who was dressed in scarlet velvet. When the boat passed through the triumphal arch his old soldiers who were on the arch through down golden floures on his

coffin. Now dearest Papa I do implore of you not to forget us on the first day of the year. With kindest love to James and yourself I remain your affectionate daughter.

E. M. ROSE."

Mary married in India (under the auspices of her sister, Mrs. Amsinck) Captain Henry Herbert, 7th Madras Nat. Infantry, who was lost at sea in 1860. She left one daughter, now Mrs. Franklin. Elizabeth, who became a great beauty, married at Aden, when she was twenty-two, Captain, afterwards Major, William Swainson Suart, and left six children, the eldest of whom, William Hodgson Suart, is now represented by a grandson,<sup>1</sup> the descendant in the fifth generation of William Rose, the Factor, antiquary and genealogist.

Gerald Gould.

## CHAPTER IX.

**George—1782-1807.**

GEORGE ROBINSON ROSE, the sixth son and seventh child of William and Mary Rose, was born 3rd January, 1782. He was a year younger than his brother Patrick and a year older than Andrew. By the time these three had reached their school days, William Rose had realised what a mistake he had made by his indulgent treatment of William, John, and Alexander, and the disastrous results of the method. The three younger were certainly brought up, to use an old Scotticism, "through the hard." They had their early schooling under the ever-vigilant eye of Uncle George Robinson in Edinburgh, but as soon as possible were put in the way of learning a trade. George's first letter is from Aberdeen, where he had been boarded for thirteen weeks, at 3s. a week for the room and 8s. 6d. for his board—not, one would imagine, incurring the reproach which Uncle George levelled at John Rose of having been spoilt by "too good a bed and too good a dinner"! At sixteen he was already apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary in Edinburgh, and doing good work. He writes on 5th July, 1798:—

"My dear Father,

When my brother last wrote I desired him to say that I despaired of being able to visit my friends in the North. Since that time however, my masters have got another apprentice, by which means anything they have

to do may very easily be performed without my assistance.

Mr. Bennett has now very little to do, on two accounts—first because it is summer and most of his patients are out of town, but chiefly because he has got a wife and wishes no doubt to enjoy himself on his honeymoon.”

George and Patrick were then living, very frugally, in rooms in Edinburgh with an old servant, Christy, from Banffshire, and she also desired to spend a holiday in her home.

“So that in her absence I should indeed be alone—I do not pretend to say that I should be as busy at home as in Edinburgh yet as I shall take some books with me, I trust that my time will not only not be lost, but as while I attend closely to Mr. Bennett’s business (*which really meant serving in the shop*) there can be little time for private study, I hope it will be in some measure improved.”

In December he writes again to his mother:—“I see by your letter that you are afraid I have not courage to bear up against the Labours that are inseparable from the first parts of everyone’s profession—this however you need not fear as I perfectly agree with my father in thinking them ideal and you may expect that no endeavour of mine shall be wanting to render these labours successful. . . My education will I fear be expensive, and if I do not study to acquire a knowledge of my profession and do not succeed therein, I will certainly myself be alone to blame. In the meantime, however my situation in the shop is far from being agreeable, as the lad

under me has ever since he came to Mr. Bennett been sickly and unable to give me any assistance—consequently the whole drudgery falls on me.”

The first money he earns gives him extreme pleasure. “I received a Fee from a gentleman sometime ago of £2 2s. od. for performing a very ticklish operation on him viz. extracting a Bougie, which as he was introducing it into his bladder snapt very near the farther extremity. The Gentleman sent for some of Mr. Bennett’s Lads and I luckily being in went and no sooner saw than I advised him to send for Mr. Bennett which he accordingly did, but before his arrival I had succeeded in extracting the Bougie. If I were paid for what I do I would entirely keep myself and I believe my brothers in Edinburgh, but as I am not, it will be long before I am able to assist either myself or friends. Andrew is well.”

That they lived very frugally is evident from the thanks sent from time to time for meal, dried fish, etc., from home.

In the following year (6th October, 1799), George writes again from Edinburgh to his father and sends a copy of a letter he has received from his brother Alexander, three years older, for whom George seems to have had a great admiration; and, indeed, in this letter Alexander appears in a pleasanter light than at any other time. He was with his regiment in Holland, and chronicles one action in which his battalion of the 28th Regiment was hotly engaged. “And I must admit that this it was which turned the fortune of the day in favour of our deserving little island. The 28th distinguished themselves, as they always do in a most gallant and soldierly manner. Out of 19 officers 6 were wounded and of these 2 were field officers.” A few days later he has to chronicle a reverse to the British and Russian arms,

and hopes to write again soon with better news. "If not there is earth to bury a man here as well as in Great Britain." He has some curious remarks to make concerning the Dutch, "who are a blackguard and peevish sort of people, dreadfully inclined to imposition, which is not in any way difficult, as John Bull though a very brave fellow is yet a ridiculously silly blockhead and of course more open to the rascally snares of the native." George copies the whole of Alexander's two letters to send to his father, and adds comments of his own on Alexander's courage. "It will also appear that however he may have been led away by the allurements so liberally held out to youth, yet the heart has remained the same and while that is the case so indulgent a parent can surely forget trifling errors." It seems a pity that Alexander was not more worthy of this brotherly affection.

On 17th October, 1799, George writes again to Patrick, giving news of the health of poor William, then under restraint in Edinburgh, and asking if he may have the use of William's watch. "It is a surgeon's watch and would be very useful to me. In your next letter speak of pay and freely." He also thanks Patrick for "offering me a pair of Breeches and will be very much obliged." A month later he writes to his father:—"I am now entered upon the labours of the Winter and hope you will be pleased with some account which I intend to give you of the classes which I propose to attend. There are (1) Dr. Gregory's who teaches the practice of medicine the fee for which is £3 6s. od. (2) Dr. Barclay who lectures on Anatomy whose fee is £2 5s. (3) Mr. Murray, Chemist whose fee is also £2 5s. £7 16s. in all. This is the total amount and I shall endeavour to recompense by my labour the great expense which I have necessarily

put you to. I have paid my French master out of my own pocket." In March, 1800, being then just eighteen, he writes that he has hopes of passing at Surgeon's Hall in Edinburgh, and if his father could get him "an opportunity of any situation in the Medical Line depending upon the Fencible Military it would be very acceptable to me, because I would have in my power to save a sufficient sum to enable me to take out a degree at this University." He is determined to be no more expense to his father.

On 7th May, 1800, he writes somewhat sententiously to his mother:—"Never have I written to you with so pleasant a subject to fill my letter—I this day appeared before the College of Surgeons and as you will soon know by the Newspapers, have been judged capable of practising that Science to which I have turned my attention to the benefit of all concerned. Nor is this all, for this was no more than I trust you expected, but I was received with an Eclat seldom experienced and which but to please a dear Mother I would be ashamed to repeat. The Chief Examiner told me after very kindly inquiring where I proposed to practise, that he doubted not I would prove an honour to my profession. . . . Assuring you that all is as your wishes ever ardent in favor of your children would have it, remaining always your affectionate son, George Rose."

After a short time at home, George was appointed surgeon to H.M.S. "Spencer," and sailed with St. Vincent's fleet of 24 sail of the line, when he writes to his brother James from "off Ushant waiting for the coming out of the French and Spanish, in all 54, and yet they dare not set their prows into the water against us." He declares himself "enamoured of a life at sea," and hopes his brother will be able to ask Sir William Grant, the



member for Banffshire, "to exert his interest to obtain the appointment of first Surgeon's mate of a ship of any rate or as Surgeon of a Gun Brig to both which situations I am entitled by my qualifications in London." James writes to his mother, enclosing the letter, and saying that Sir William Grant is to get George appointed surgeon in the East Indies, which he thinks better. The exchange, however, did not take place until 1803. On January 1, 1802, George was in the "Dreadnought" at Gibraltar, and three weeks later writes triumphantly from H.M.S. "Leda":—I am now Surgeon of the finest frigate in the service and in the seaman's language I have weathered all the shoals and quicksands which a disposition none of the smoothest held forth in the dangerous trial of inferior station. I am now satisfied with regard to the Naval service. No ambition can move me higher, but I have no inclination to rest where I am—Other scenes now open before me. . . . Many honourable stations are held forth to spirited exertion in Medical service and tho I have mentioned that I can get no higher as a Surgeon of a Man of War, yet there are more elevated situations to be obtained such as Physician or Surgeon to a Hospital or even to the Fleets of the Mediterranean or any other sea where our Naval Supremacy makes a medical establishment necessary." He mentions that his pay will be £200 a year, but, unlike his elder brothers, only draws upon his father to pay for his medicine chest and instruments until his first three months' pay becomes due, when he faithfully repays principal and interest. He mentions that his uncle General Hay and his beautiful wife and daughters were at that time in Gibraltar.

In April, 1803, he was in London wrestling with the formalities involved in his transference from the service of His Majesty to that of the East India Company. "I

had to procure two good securities in the sum of £500 each that I would not for the term of five years offend against any of their ceremonial statutes, which as I am totally ignorant of their nature, would have required very bold as well as good securities were it not a mere matter of form. All difficulties were removed from this part of the business by the friendship of my Uncle G. and Mr. W. Robinson and I went down to Gravesend on Thursday last to agree with regard to my passage. This has been my last step, but not the least difficult and with the other dues of the India House has cost me 140 Guineas. I go out in the 'Ceylon' a beautiful new ship carrying 28 guns and a larger in point of room and accomodation than any other vessel under a ship of the line in the service."

In his last letter, written a few days later, he mentions that he has had his portrait done and framed, with his initials in pearls, and is sending it to his sister Anna. This miniature has, unfortunately, been lost. As a veteran of 21, he gives his views on the education of the precious younger brother, Hugh Hay, then sixteen:—"With regard to my brother Hugh, I have a most excellent opinion of him. He has a most sweet disposition, I rather think the best in the family, and very good abilities. I think it would be a good plan to give him a military education and that in England and that he could not do better than go out as a cadet to India."

George himself sailed for India, where he died unmarried, four years later, at Secunderabad, 18th December, 1807.

## CHAPTER X.

**Andrew—1783-1832.**

ANDREW ROSE, seventh son and eighth child of William and Mary Rose, was born on the 17th July, 1783. Like his immediate elder brothers, Patrick and George, he belonged to the section of William Rose's family which was brought up to be economical and to earn its own living, in contradistinction to the elder sons, who were so indulged, with disastrous results. In the year of Andrew's birth, the new township of Macduff, so dear to Lord Fife's heart, was raised to a borough, and William Rose became the first Provost. Lord Fife writes that he regrets not having thought in time of desiring Rose to name his "young son" on the same day and by the same name as the borough; but Andrew appears to have had no second name. His early education was acquired in Banff, and at fifteen he went with Patrick to Edinburgh, and some of their letters written on the way south have already been given. One written by Andrew alone has this engaging P.S.:—"N.B.—I have given to Robert Duncan who will give it to you, a small bottle for cleaning and fastining the teeth, which I know not if it will succeed. I hope will be acceptable. Your affectionate son, A. R."

Shortly after his arrival in Edinburgh, he writes to his father that he has not as yet been apprenticed to any master. Apparently the matter was left in the hands of Uncle George Robinson. "My uncle says that Mr. Keith would not really take the like of me into his

chambers, unless I had previously understood the accounting business and that it would be wasteful of time to procure place in that office for me, but of these things you are the best judge. I would, or this time had elapsed, begun my French but my uncle said (what was true) that perhaps you might adopt the Glasgow plan, then the money thrown out upon a french or any other study would have been lost. I was never so disagreeably situated as I am at present on account of having nothing to do. So I beg, my dear Father, that you will write me or my uncle that I may be soon settled."

Advocates Close, Jan. 10, 1799.

"My dear Father,

After receiving your letter of the 25th ult. I thought it best to shew it to my uncle who is best able to give me good advice in this town and particularly to point out that part concerning french, Book keeping etc. but he interrupted me by observing that he had already procured a place for me with Mr. Connel a gentleman in Glasgow into whose counting chamber I am to go. He is brother in law to Mr. Findlay one of my uncle's clerks. This gentleman carries on the most extensive business both with Demerery and the West Indies and the plan appeared so advantageous to my uncle that the day was immediately agreed on by him on which I was to sett out from this. I have now a prospect of not only a valuable but also an agreeable place, wherein if I do not succeed it must be solely owing to myself."

A month later, James Connell writes to Uncle George Robinson:—"Your nephew continues to give close application to business and conducts himself always to my

satisfaction. He reads one hour in the evening with one of our best French masters in this place and I find he is improving himself in that language. I am of opinion that if he was to revise his Mathematics and make himself master of land surveying he would find them very useful in the line of business he is intended for" (which was obviously with his father's Cuming relatives, in South America).

In Andrew's next letter he naively begs his father to recommend Mr. Lachlan Cuming to consign his goods from Demerara to the agency of Mr. Connell, "as some return for his unmerited kindness to me. Write you soon, my dear Sir, as delay breeds danger and perhaps he might make engagements with some other before you see him. If rum, etc. or tea be wanted I can get it 3 years old and much cheaper than any other way." On 25th March he writes again, describing his life in Glasgow. "I go twice a day on Sunday to St. Andrews Kirk, where one Dr. Lockhart preaches which he is so capital at that it is a pleasure to hear him discourse. I wish dr father when you write that you would tell me if you approve of my learning the practical part of Land measuring etc. as the season is fast approaching much may be lost by delay." On 13th June he writes:—"I have now the satisfaction of informing you that my searches have at last proved successful with regard to finding out one who would go to the fields and teach me Land Surveying—this man served 7 years apprenticeship to John Ainslie, the famous surveyor, him who measured the coast of Scotland. The theodolite is the instrument to measure angles with, no other way will be trusted to now, and lines with the chain. The man I have mentioned, Richardson is his name, says we learn in a very short time. He is to learn me the whole business for £12 12s."

Glasgow, July 5, 1799.

“Everybody in this town will be in a few days very busy, as at that time the Jamaica fleet comes in with Sugar, Rum etc. when great bargains may be expected if people take a Cask of sugar at a time.”

James Connell writes again:—“I have no doubt but Andrew will do well in any line, as he is clever and good tempered, which with a little more steadiness and attention to his ‘hand of write’ will carry him thro’ with credit to himself and friends.”

On the 4th of September, Andrew writes to his mother that he has given up all thoughts of going home this summer, as “it would interrupt my business here in which I am at present very happy. Write me soon my dear Mother and after I receive yours I’ll write you something more. Mention everything that happens.”

In September, 1800, Andrew, then aged 17, set sail for “Demerary,” as he always spells it. He writes that he now feels confident that he is “a perfect Master of Land surveying, which is moreover very easily carried out in Demerary, owing to the situation and flatness of the country.” He was to go out to the care of his cousin, Mr. Lachlan Cuming. His last letter before sailing is dated from Greenock, Sept. 11, 1800, while waiting for the ship to sail; he mentions that he has to pay “Along with the rest (although we sleep two and two), 1s. 6d. per night for bed 1s. 3d. for breakfast and 1s. 6d. for dinner. We seek no supper nor tea.”

On November 17, 1800, he writes from Demerara that he has “already made a small sketch and a plan which have pleased Mr. L. Cuming and he is to give me

a letter to be examined by a Mr. Ramsay and afterwards passed Colonial land surveyor. In the meantime he is to get employment for me amongst his friends which will be something handsome, after measuring their lands." Andrew's fortune was therefore made, and he already writes as a man, giving good advice as to the education of his youngest brother, Hay, whom William Rose at that time thought of sending to Norfolk "to become an expert farmer," a thing which his master, Lord Fife, had always wished, for, many years before, he laments to the factor: "I do not see any of your sons pointing towards a farm." If he had seen this taste cultivated, he would have considered making the lease of Moncoffer a family possession and inheritance.

Andrew continues:—"I hope Mrs. Rose Innes (his sister-in-law) is in a fair way of getting another addition to her family, and I also hope they will be more fortunate than they have hitherto been." (Their three first children died in infancy, or as it was then described "in nonage.") In December he writes:—"I have on my hands two months constant work, for which I will receive upwards of £200, and there will at the end of that very probably be as much awaiting me.<sup>1</sup> If this good beginning continues, I have no doubt of realizing in a few years a very handsome sum and in the meantime having the pleasure of embracing you my Dr. father and mother and all friends at home. The agreeable prospects that have presented themselves to me have made me alter my opinion with regard to Hay. I have been looking about me and the way he should be educated is very simple, being no more nor less than to understand book-keeping, to write pretty well and to understand Arith-

<sup>1</sup>No bad outlook for a boy of seventeen.

metic—this is sufficient when added to his having been a year in a counting House in Glasgow. By the end of 2 or 3 years I'll return and take him out. . . . When I have taken the oaths I'll write you and then my direction will be Colonial Land surveyor, Demerary. I hope in a ship or two to be able to send you home a cask of rum and any little thing to taste on a frosty evening."

On 15th April, 1801, he writes again, lamenting that his family so seldom write to him. Probably letters very often got lost in those days. Of his favourite sister Anna he writes:—"It is time now that she should enter the Holy state of Matrimony. If she were here she would be married soon. Husbands must be scarce in your corner, or she could not want. I am very anxious to know the result of the process with the noble Thane." In describing the heat of Demerara, he says it reminds him of a man in Banff who on a hot day said: "Ay, ay, it maks ye swat, and the dust sticks to ye." He says, however, that he keeps his health well in the West Indian climate. He seems, unlike some of his brothers, to have been a very temperate man. On 6th June, 1801, he writes in reply to a letter from his father, and comments on the family news—i.e., his sister Mary's prospective sixth child and fourth daughter, Huntly Gordon, who eventually married Peter Rose, a judge in Demerara and a cousin. He says:—"I do not pity Aberdour, but I really pity poor Mary (who was still only 23). . . . Any letter I happen to receive mentions that every one intends writing me But deil a letter get I." Before his nineteenth birthday he is able to write to his father that he is making such a good income by his profession that he hopes soon to be able to send home some money in repayment of the expenses of his education and also is considering embarking in trade on his own account.



Feb. 8, 1802.

“Dr. Robinson my uncle <sup>1</sup> whom I saw yesterday mentioned he had heard my brother James was in a very bad way indeed, his words were that ‘he was past hope’ (there are some comforters in this world like Job’s) but by some of my letters it is said that he is returned from England with renovated health and spirits, which may God grant to be the case. He has an honest feeling heart.” (Brother James survived until 1814, twelve years after this date.) “I should like to hear of some settlement betwixt you and the Thane of Fife, even if it was agt. you its better than lengthened suspense.

“Let us hail the Noble Thane of Fife  
Who now draws towards the close of life  
Resplendent in every virtuous act oh.  
Hail most noble Baron Bracco!”

His letter of 10th September contained a “bill for £100 as a mark of my affection for my father.” It must have warmed old William Rose’s heart, at a time when his own financial affairs were going so badly, and only the younger sons really keeping themselves. Further good advice as to the future of his young brother Hay, then fifteen, also filled Andrew’s letter. Not unnaturally, all the family were averse from his thinking of the Army, and it was not until after his father’s death that he did so. After 1803, old William Rose’s health became very precarious, and the absent sons were worried about their mother’s future. Andrew is anxious she should consider taking a farm in Morayshire, and promises financial assistance. Anna Rose came out to Mr. L. Cuming, and was married in 1806, and there was some idea of “Betsy,”

<sup>1</sup>Who was formerly in London, but had now migrated to Demerara.

the younger sister, following, but this plan did not materialise. At the time of his father's death, Andrew wrote several affectionate and helpful letters to his mother, and later corresponded fully with Patrick on the endless subject of his father's debts, but the letters are no longer amusing. Andrew returned twice to Scotland, being a comparatively rich man who could afford the long journey. On the occasion of his third voyage to Demerara he was given a power of attorney to manage the affairs of his rich brother-in-law, Philip Tinne, and seems to have acquitted himself well. He identified himself fully with the affairs of the colony, became a member of Council, and died there in 1832. He never married.

## CHAPTER XI.

**Anna—1785-1827.**

ANNA ROSE, the second daughter and ninth child of William and Mary Rose, was born at Montcoffer, 1st March, 1785. Having been for about six months in England, when a child, she afterwards remained at home in Banff until the age of twenty, when the united representation of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cuming (with whom she had stayed in Bath) and her brother Andrew (next to her in the family) induced her parents to let her travel to Demerara with her Aunt Bathia, Mrs. Dougall, to join Mr. and Mrs. Lachlan Cuming there. The following year, on the 28th April, 1806, she married Philip Frederick Tinne (a Dutchman), Deputy Secretary of Court of Policy, Demerara. He was of an old Huguenot family long settled in Holland, and had been secretary to the Baron de Nagell, envoy from the Dutch Republic to the Court of Saint James from March, 1791, to November, 1793. He has left an account of his life in the Legation at Portland Place, London, which he does not seem to have found very gay, but he laboured under the disadvantage of lack both of acquaintances and of means, his salary as secretary being only 600 francs! On returning to Holland he was appointed secretary to Monsieur de Spiegel, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, at a salary of 800 francs, of which he paid over half to his father for board! His duties seem to have been merely nominal, save that twice a week he accompanied an official to the Post Office and assisted in unsealing, and copying

for headquarters, suspected despatches, notably those from Prussia. The official was highly skilled in taking an impression of the seal before breaking it, and the letter was subsequently resealed with the mould thus taken.

On the invasion of Holland by the French, Philip Tinne lost his post, and in 1795 went out to Demerara to join his brother-in-law, Matthew Tinne, who was Receiver-General of the colony, at that time in Dutch hands. The voyage took two months, and on arrival the travellers found that the colony had shortly before capitulated to the forces of Great Britain. The Dutch officials, however, were retained in their posts, and even from the Dutch point of view the prosperity of the colony made sensible advances. Philip Tinne was at once appointed Government interpreter, his duties being to translate (as he himself states, "into pretty bad English") the proces-verbaux of the courts. He was well paid for his work both by the British Government of Demerara and the Dutch Government of Berbice, and being shortly afterwards appointed Dutch secretary to the Governor, his fortune was made. In 1802 the colony was made over to the Dutch Republic, the Dutch officials, of course, remaining. In the following year it again became British, Philip Tinne accompanying the party which went on board H.M.S. "l'Heureux" to arrange the terms of capitulation. Two years after this historic event, Anna Rose arrived in the colony, and the very advantageous marriage with the rising young official, who shortly afterwards bought a coffee plantation, was arranged for her by her aunt. Two children were born of the marriage, and after four years of colonial life, to which Anna does not seem to have been very well suited, the family returned to Europe in 1810, the voyage lasting forty days. Philip Tinne's intention had been to return to his native land, but, owing to the Napoleonic wars, Holland was

closed to anyone coming from British territory ; and they settled temporarily at Clifton, Bristol. The next year, however, he was compelled to return to Demerara, to take up again his duties as Colonial Secretary. Before leaving, he conveyed his wife and children to Scotland and made acquaintance with her family. In 1812 he came back to Scotland, accompanied by Andrew Rose, and settled in Greenock for a year, but on entering into a business partnership he removed to Liverpool, where, after one more voyage to Demerara, he passed the rest of his life. Before his last absence in South America, in 1813-1814, he tried to establish his own stepmother (Wontrina Feuilletan de Bruin, second wife of John Abraham Tinne) with his wife in Liverpool. The plan did not prove a success, and Anna seems to have been unfairly blamed.

After Anna's death in 1827, Philip Tinne married again—a country-woman of his own. He died at Spa in 1844.

After her father's death, Anna Tinne seems to have become very homesick in Demerara, though always devotedly attached to her husband. There were only two sons, but the descendants of the elder (John Abraham Tinne) are now numerous (see page 183).

The following selections from her letters throw some light on family and colonial life of the period :—

Anna Rose, aged 13 and at school, to her sister Elizabeth, aged 8.

Edinburgh, 7th August, 1798.

“You will think me negligent, my dearest Betsy, for not writing you before now, but as Mama was hearing from me frequently I thought it needless to write you and her both. . . My uncle and Aunt Law are to be in the

north the 20th of this month, and I suppose you will be very happy to see them. . . Miss Garden has left school some time ago—we expect her soon upon a visit. Miss Cathcart is gone to Airshire to stay there for a few months, but she is to return in winter. Miss Drysdale has got four boarders since you left school, one night, and four day. The Misses Macleods Samplers are finished, which they were working when you were here. Pray write soon. If you cannot, some other person will do it for you. Miss Drysdale has her love to you and says you will be a better reader than I.

Your affectionate and loving sister,

ANNA ROSE.

(So far is in copperplate hand. The rest is scrawled.)

P.S. I hear you have a great crop of fruit this year and I expect you will get some apples from Aberdour and send them the first time that John Milne comes, but ceep it a secret from Miss D. and I will be obliged to Mama if she would send me a large can or two of gelly to make a kind of feast among ourselves. I have something else to ask from you which is any of my Father's old Cambric frills, old Cambric stocks or any kind of old cambric muslin, but no new, as it is to make artificial flowers and old does better than new."

Anna Rose to her Mother.

Edin., 15 Aug., 98. halfe asleep.

"six o'clock the morning. I was obliged to get up and write it in my own room. Miss D. wanted to see it and I did not want to show.

“My dear Mama,

I received your kind and interesting letter yesterday. My going to London came upon me like a thunder-bolt, it was so quickly proposed and I never expected anything of the kind to happen so soon. However I am perfectly reconciled to it, as I know it will be to my advantage and particularly as you have so great a wish for my improvement. I shall be very sorry to leave Miss Drysdale and to take farewell of all my companions and friends in Edin., but that is but only sorrow of a day or two and I shall return so soon home and then all my wearisome toils will be all over. . . .

I began artificial flowers last week, and have made a bunch of white roses and am now making a hawthorn wreath. . . . I do not require any new shifts as those I have are quite good. . . . I have no more at present, but that I wish *very* much to see you before I go. Rite me soon and send some money you promised me. Adieu, believe me—You are the *Adored* mother of your afft Datr.

ANNA ROSE.”

The next letter is from Bath, where, apparently, she had another brief experience of school:—

Bath, 1 Laura Place,

25 November, 1798.

“My dear Mother,

You will no doubt think me forgetful of you, but I wished to wait till I had been a little time at school before I gave you an idea upon that subject. I have been there

now a fortnight and am now perfectly acquainted with the ways and rules of the school, and I assure you I am very comfortable and happy and I think if I was not, it would be very wrong of me as Mrs. C. is so very good to me, in *every* respect like a Mother. I often think of you all with great pleasure and what joy I shall feel to see all my dear Scotch relations, particularly as I am to be at home altogether and never leave my dear Mama for school or any disagreeable thing of that sort. Mrs. T. Cuming received a letter the day before yesterday from my uncle the Dr. (James Robinson) he mentions that my brother Sandy has got a Capt. Lieutenancy in the 73 Regt. I think it is very high for such a young man as Sandy is, and if he conduct himself as he ought to do, it will be a very good living for him. It only wants about three weeks to the holydays, and I am to spend that time with sweet Mrs. Cumming. . . .

You may tell my dear sister Betsy and pretty little Jane that I shall not forget them. I cannot get a favourable opportunity to send anything pretty, but assure them that I shall when I come home in May which is approaching very fast. Write to me soon, and all the news you can tell me and everything concerning friends in Scotland.

I am your ever affectionate and adoring daughter,

ANNA ROSE."

23 Dec., 1798,

1 Laura Place, Bath.

"My dear Mama,

I wrote to you a long time ago and cannot help being



a little surprised that you have not written to me before now. I am now come home for the holydays. I believe they are to be 5 weeks, and I hope they were three times as long, for I am certain I learn as much at Mrs. Cumming's at present as I can do at school. Not that but it is a very good school that I am in, but I think I have a better example before me now than all the stiff governesses on earth, but it does not signify now since I am here for I have not a long time to be there and I am sure I wish it were a great deal shorter, for I think there is no use in the world to have girles so long at school, but you have had more experience than I and I shall do everything that you wish or desire let it be whatever it will. We go a good deal to the Public places, Balls, plays, concerts and I am to spend Christmas Day with Mrs. T. Cumming there are to be a great many company. . . Please do write to me and tell me how my sister Gordon is, and if she has got an addition to her family. (Mary Gordon's fourth child, Penelope, who became Mrs. Patrick Duff, was born on 3rd January 1799—a week after this date. The mother was then 20 and the father 25.) Kindest and best love to my *dear* Brother William and tell me how he is. (Poor William was at this time insane.) Your ever loving and adoring daughter,

ANNA ROSE."

She apparently went home after six months' schooling and did not leave Scotland again for six years.

The next letter, written when she was seventeen, is from Aberdour, in Buchan, where she had been attending the birthday celebrations of her sister, Mary (Mrs.

Gordon). She says:—"Lord Huntly was the only *noble* present, but as usual was a great addition. . . Your provinder has been very conspicuous at this time and much admired. . . ." In the year that followed, her brother, Andrew, now settled in Demerara, where there were also several Cumings, her Grandmother's relations, writes more than once that he wonders Anna is not married, and that it can only be from lack of opportunity, and of suitable aspirants in Banffshire. He also sent £100 for her outfit. A plan was therefore made in the family that she should go on a visit to these relations in Demerara, and on the 9th May, 1805, she writes to her brother, Patrick, from Edinburgh, describing all the gaities there, especially a day's excursion in carriages (curiously reminiscent of Jane Austen):—

"I shall give you the whole story. First Mrs. Sibbald's own chaise contained Aunty Beth, Catherine Clarke, John Sib and your humble servant. Mrs. Hay's coach contained the Col. the Lady herself, Mr. Robinson, William and his Lily,<sup>1</sup> viz a viz and Eliza Hay. The Hack Coach contained Mary and Betsy Robinson, Mary Hay, Alice Gordon, Robert Cunningham and Grinning Grieg who I assure you is a fine kind of Taylor body. He is deeply enamoured of Mary Hay. I think I never spent such a delightful day—every person endeavoured to make themselves agreeable and I assure you every one succeeded in their own way. After dinner, which passed most pleasantly, we returned to town in the same order and Mrs. Hay gave the whole party an invitation to spend the evening at her house, and we were agreeably

<sup>1</sup>Her brother, William, never married, and it is not known who was "his Lily," except that her name was Clark.

surprised by a most elegant ball and supper. I have never seen the like since I came to Auld Reekie. Ramsay of Barra is in town—he came up here on purpose to sign and seal marriage articles between Cockburn and Mary Duff,<sup>1</sup> as it seems he is her principle guardian.

Lily Clark dined here yesterday, William and she seem to have a good understanding with one another, though above board it is all a platonic system carried on between them. I wish one of the party may not find herself like a moth who flits about the flame till it is burnt. . . I have not yet heard anything of the Demerary vessels—I do not think I shall be out of Edinburgh when June comes. Your affectionate and attached sister in great haste.

ANNA ROSE.”

She went out to South America in the autumn, and over a year later writes to her Mother from Demerara, 20th January, 1807. She had, in the interval, married—five months after her arrival, Philip Frederick Tinne:—

“I was a good deal disappointed at not hearing from you by these last two mails—no news in this instance is good news. I am still going about, though rather unweildly.<sup>2</sup> Good God, my dear Mother how *could* you suffer the same condition twelve times, *I* never intend being in this said situation again, for indeed it is the most disagreeable that can be imagined, but this will never

<sup>1</sup>This was Byron's Mary, at this period 17 years of age. She married Robert Cockburn, Wine Merchant of Leith and Oporto, and had two sons and a daughter, Helen Clementina, afterwards wife of Admiral Dunlop. None of the children inherited their mother's beauty. She was the daughter of Alexander Duff of Hatton, and met Byron at a Dancing Class in Banff when they were both seven years old.

<sup>2</sup>The eldest child, John Abraham, was born on 14th February.

prevent girls from lifting up their petitions to be married. I had a sweet innocent letter from Betsy. She really is the sister of my heart and I have not the least doubt but Jinny will be the same. They shall both get Dutchmen if they are so inclined as I have a dear Brother for each—neither of them less worthy than the one it has been my good fortune to be married to. . . . I do not know when I shall have the happiness of visiting my native country but this event will not be long deferred, as Tinne's aged father is anxious to have him home to him to protect his wife (who is not my Tinne's mother) and younger brothers. . . . You my beloved Mother, cannot form an idea how anxiously I anticipate spending a Social winter evening at home. No socialability, no pleasant society in this country—nothing besides overgrown companies and men getting drunk at them—though, thank God, this is a propensity my good Tinne is not given to, for like Foreigners in general, he prefers the company of ladies to getting drunk with the gentlemen. . . . Your coffee is preparing to be sent. You may depend upon having it Duty free. . . . We dined at the Chateau Sunday last, when the merriment of our party was interrupted by the Governor<sup>1</sup> falling down in a fit, which had a most alarming appearance. He was however immediately bled and is now perfectly well. . . . I do not allow myself to think too much of this certain event. My kind good unkle (Dr. Robinson) says 'Devil a fear of you or any of your Mother's daughters—You are just the kind to increase and multiply.' My little one cannot fail being dark, as both Tinne and myself are brown, tho' he has blue eyes with a slight squint; this I hope the Pick (piccaninny) will escape—tho' in him it is not disagreeable." (Raymond Tinne Berthon says that this

<sup>1</sup>General Carmichael.

peculiarity of the eyes is characteristic of many of Philip Tinne's descendants to this day.)

Three weeks later, 8th February, 1807, she writes again:—

“Most likely the next letter you receive will be from my Brother or husband, informing you that I am the happy Mother of a promising Babe—no matter whether son or daughter for me now since I'm in the last stage (not of decline but increase) I think it is immaterial, if the little dear will be neighbour-like. . . I have a good Mulatto woman as my Housekeeper and a good girl to wait on myself, indeed I have more than enough of house girls, tho' unfortunately they happen to be in the same situation as myself—or else suckling children,—as an accoucheuse I have engaged a white woman who received her education in Europe. If I have health and strength, I propose suckling my sweet babe.”

John Abraham Tinne was born a week after the above letter. On the 5th of June Anna writes again (not having yet had the news of her father's death on 30th March):—

“Oh my beloved Mother, God Almighty ~~has~~ blessed us with a sweet babe and I am sure such a quiet child never was born. I trust in God he will be spared to us and this time 12 months we shall be enabled, bag and baggage, to hark home.

I told you in my last letter that Andrew (her brother) had lost his little Mary. Upon the whole it is a fortunate circumstance as 'tis next to impossible to bring up any girl of that colour virtuously.”

On the 22nd of June:—

“Need I assure you my dearest Mother that the account of my dearest Father’s decease grieved me to the Heart. Bear up however, my best of Mothers. Please God it will be in the power of all your own children to lend you comfort at least so far as wordly matters can tend to comfort you. . . . I have the best and most indulgent of husbands and what tends to comfort me, he gave me his word that he would assist you by the July fleet and further that he would bind himself for your life, which God grant may be long continued to us, to pay you annually £25. This my dear Mother you shall shortly have deeds for. My dear Tinne makes it my poor gift. My dear good brother Andrew will enter into an agreement with my Tinne to assist you to the utmost of his power—if we were nearer to you we could do more. Write and tell me as soon as your plans are arranged and where your future residence will be. . . . If you remove to England I may never again revisit my native country. My poor little sister Jane will of course remain with our best of Mothers and Betsy with the Gordons. Everybody tells me who knows the family what an acquisition Betsy is to my sister. I cannot help being envious of such a companion. Solitary and dull is the life I lead here for the most part, as my dear Tinne is fully as much employed by public business as my much lamented father used to be during our youth. . . . If circumstances oblige us to remain here two years I will send my darling Babe to my best of Mothers. (She waited and came home with two babies. . . .) I sent



John Abraham Tinne,  
Eldest son of Anna Tinne.



Hugh Hay Rose,  
8th son of William Rose.



Anna Tinne,  
2nd daughter of William Rose and wife of P. F. Tinne.  
From Miniatures in the possession of the Tinne Family.





you home some silk handkerchiefs (for my Father)—which tho' not now of use may perhaps bring you a shilling or two when required. I saw your brother (Dr. Jas. Robinson) this forenoon. He desired me to assure you of his regard, and, says he, 'independent of her being my sister, she is the widow of my first and oldest friend and of the man who *made us all*. I remember it with gratitude and will do my utmost to assist his relict.' "

(Dr. Robinson knew well on which side his bread was buttered, and valued William Rose's influence with his employer and patron, Lord Fife, of whom, it will be remembered, he wrote in 1787: "Had his accident ended fatally, to *our* family it certainly would, on every account, have been a very great loss.")

In April, 1808, Anna writes to her mother, saying she is sending some small pots of sweetmeats, which she hopes will escape the "gager" (customs officer); two guineas each to her sisters Betsy and Jane, and gold thimbles "from Tinne." Of Mary she complains she never hears. "However this I know is owing to her large family and a great deal to do, for if I with one child find it troublesome, how much more so must it be to her who has nine such." (Poor Mary's tenth child was already on the way.)

June 21, 1808, Andrew writes to his widowed mother: "I hope soon to hear upon you again and of your being comfortably settled at Boindley, Mr. Gordon's kindness is only to earn a confirmation of the good opinion I always had of him. Anna has enjoyed good health since I wrote last. Her boy John is one of the finest children I ever saw, particularly for a West Indian Climate."

On July 15, 1808, Anna writes to her sister Betsy (then 18), still helping Sister Mary with her ten children:—"I never receive letters from home but I shed tears at the idea of being so estranged from you all—in short letters from home completely unhinge me and put me out of joint for a week after and setts me wishing and praying at a rare rate. In November I shall have been here three years, and when I look back on the sameness of those three years I can scarcely imagine it one. . . . There is a distant probability of our coming home next year but that my dear sister, is rather an 'Ignis fatuus.' . . . I think my Mother ought to consent to Jane's partly living at Netherdale but *not* entirely, as you so well know the situation a dependent must hold in that house or else it must be very much changed indeed since I knew it. . . . I even weep now when I think how cruel my brother James (who is so rich) was, to let me leave home without a penny. I hope my sister Mary is not going to have any more children. Such a family must be truly oppressing."

In June, 1810, as has been seen, the Tinne family returned to Europe, and in 1811 Anna again saw her family, and especially "Betsy, the sister of her heart." Alexander Campbell, Betsy's husband, seems to have been exceedingly kind to all his wife's people.

Philip Tinne had to return once more to Demerara in connection both with his own property and with his late official position. So Anna went to Scotland again, and writes from Kilmuir, 23rd May, 1814, to her brother Patrick:—

"The date of this will no doubt surprise you a good deal my dear Peter, but in my last I believe I hinted I should maybe spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and she lately having expressed great anxiety

for my arrival and I having nothing to detain me in Liverpool, I accordingly sailed from thence on the evening of the 18th, Wednesday last about ten o'clock and reached the place without any other landing, bag and baggage with my two boys<sup>1</sup> on Friday evening. This you will say was quick business, and to add to my satisfaction about two o'clock on the day of my arrival Mrs. Campbell was safely delivered of a fine stout girl,<sup>2</sup> both child and mother in a likely way of doing well. . .

. . . I was distressed to hear a melancholy account of poor James.<sup>3</sup> I wonder his Drs. have never advised his travelling. Change of objects and scenes, even being absent from his own family might be of service to him—at all events this expedient ought to be resorted to. *We* however, may suggest and offer our opinion but I know it would not be taken in this instance on account of the expense of such a measure.<sup>4</sup> I know nothing of Mrs. Gordon's or Mrs. Dingwall's motions,<sup>5</sup> but should suppose Mrs. G. will be soon home as she expects soon again to be confined. Little matter but it had been the daughter instead of the Mother, but I hear nothing of any increase in that quarter, mores the pity.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Seven and five years old.

<sup>2</sup>Violette Campbell.

<sup>3</sup>Their eldest brother.

<sup>4</sup>James's wife, the heiress of Netherdale, being of a notoriously saving disposition.

<sup>5</sup>Her sister, Mary, and the latter's eldest daughter, Mary Elspet, who had married, in 1813, John Dingwall of Brucklay.

<sup>6</sup>John, the fourteenth child of Mary Gordon of Aberdour, was born in October of this year. Mary Dingwall's only son, John Duff Dingwall, was born in the following year. He was murdered at Carlisle in 1840, aged twenty-five. . .

You would no doubt hear that our poor widowed Aunt, Mrs. Hay and her two eldest girls arrived at Bayonne the day previous to the brave General's fatal fall. I am not certain whether they met him or not, but I think not, as they were going out for that purpose when an Aide de Camp met them with the melancholy accounts of his death,—he was shot instantly dead—the Ball entering in at his eye passed direct through his skull—had he fallen at the time with our noble brother,<sup>1</sup> the case would have been less afflicting, but when matters were come to such a conclusion makes his death to be doubly felt.<sup>2</sup>

Betsy has a letter from Hugh Hay,<sup>3</sup> dated Toulouse, 28th April. He was absent on a different command when his Friend and Unkle fell. He feels his loss severely.

My boys are well. Tinne will not be home before Sept."

Anna writes again from Liverpool, 5th December, 1814, to Patrick:—

"I was prevented from writing to you five days ago my Dear Brother by my being confined to bed by a severe cold attended with a good deal of fever. An aunt of Mrs. Abercrombie is settled here, a Mrs. Maitland but we do

<sup>1</sup>Alexander Rose, who was killed at San Sebastian in the previous year.

<sup>2</sup>General Andrew Hay of Mountblairy had married Mrs. William Rose's sister, Elizabeth, who was painted by Raeburn. He was killed in a sortie from Bayonne just after the actual cessation of hostilities, and is buried in Bayonne Cemetery. In common with all the British Colonels killed in the Peninsula War, he was accorded a life-sized monument in St. Paul's Cathedral.

<sup>3</sup>Their youngest brother.

not visit, which I regret as I always had a very high opinion of Mrs. A. but Tinne is so shy that he does not like forming new acquaintances, besides they move in quite a different line and amongst quite a different circle to what we do and here I fear it will rest.

I had a very agreeable letter from Mrs. Gordon (her sister) acknowledging the receipt of those roots I mentioned in my last to you. When I write to her I intend to request her if she can to send me some game before the season is over the carriage I would not think anything of even by a Coach, such a treat as they would be to me. If you are now still a sportsman I should think when you are paying your Christmas visit to Craighall,<sup>1</sup> you might be able to get me a few braces of some kind and forward them by the Huntly coach—after this hint I know you'll try. Our sister Mrs. Campbell has been obliged to cross the water to Gourock on account of change of air for her two youngest children who are very ill with the whooping cough. She is herself very delicate so I almost dread the consequences of her constant fatigue in attending them and Mr. C. who hates being from home and likewise dislikes crossing the water will be terribly annoyed."

The last letter referring to the Tinne family to be found among the Rose papers is from Mrs. Rose Innes to her brother-in-law Patrick Rose, from London, 23rd July, 1828, in the postscript of which she says:—"Your nephew William Tinne arrived here yesterday safe from Gibraltar in seven days. He is a fine looking, nice young man—a real Rose."

<sup>1</sup>His father-in-law's house.

An independent view of Anna's husband is gathered from a letter of George Robinson, W.S., to his nephew Patrick Rose, 16th June, 1806:—

“I have a letter from Mr. Lauchlan Cuming dated 18 April last announcing that the marriage of your sister Anna was to take place on the 28th of that month to Mr. Philip Tinne, a Dutch gentleman of considerable private fortune, and holding as Mr. Cuming expresses himself ‘the most respectable offices in the Colony which yields him upwards of £3000 sterling annually,’ to all which Mr. C. adds that ‘Mr. T. is one of the most respectable Young Gentlemen of this Colony.’ From this description of the man and the Fortune, Anna has been in luck. I hope she will be able to do something comfortable for her parents. Mr. Cuming further states in his letter to me that Mrs. Cuming is desirous to have another of your sisters out to Demerara if your Father and Mother be disposed to part with her and says that he will send £100 thro’ me to rig her out.”

Philip Tinne founded the well-known house of business in Liverpool, Sandbach, Tinne & Co. John Abraham Tinne, his elder son, married Margaret Sandbach and had nine children, including the famous oar, James Capellan Tinne.<sup>1</sup> John Ernest Tinne, another son of John Abraham and Margaret Sandbach, had two sons, John Abraham<sup>2</sup> and Christopher Edward, also well-known oars. A complete table of the family will be found on page 183.

<sup>1</sup>He rowed in the Oxford winning crew in 1867, 1868 and 1869.

<sup>2</sup>M.P. for the Wavertree Division of Liverpool.

## CHAPTER XII.

**Hugh Hay—1787-1851.**

OF Hugh Hay Rose, the youngest son, born in 1787, there are no childish letters preserved. Possibly he never left home in his boyhood. After 1795, his father had ceased to do any work for Lord Fife, was in embarrassed circumstances, and made fewer journeys, so there was the less occasion to write. We know that Hay was at school in Banff until he was sixteen, for his elder brother George writes anxiously to their father in 1803, begging that he may be sent to a good English school in order to fit him for a future career, which George hopes will not be the Army—having, no doubt, in his mind the financial and other scrapes of the three soldier brothers. Andrew and Anna were also devoted to Hay, and frequently mention him in their letters from Demerara. It is not known whether he had any other education except that of the Banff Academy, but when he was seventeen, by the kindness of the Duke of Gordon, he received a commission in the 92nd Highlanders, and a miniature of him in the uniform of that regiment is still in existence, and is here reproduced. He saw a good deal of service in the Peninsular War, and in his early twenties was transferred, or transferred himself, to the service of our Portuguese allies, with whom he had a distinguished career and rose to be a lieutenant-colonel, the pay of which rank was continued to him all his life. He was decorated with the order of the Portuguese Tower and Sword and received the Peninsula Medal with nine clasps. He wrote

a good many letters to his brother Patrick while with the Portuguese army, the earliest preserved being dated from Niza, 3rd September, 1811. (He was then twenty-two.)

“My dear Peter,

I have had the satisfaction of seeing everybody here receive letters from their friends by the three last packets, but such acts of grace it would appear I have no claim to. There is as yet here only my reg. and a British brigade composed of the remnants of the Regts. that suffered most at Albuera, the 29th are greatly reduced and expect to be soon ordered to England. To-morrow we pass the Tagus at Villa Velha. It is particularly disagreeable to me as in this province as yet untouched by the enemy, I know as many people at a market as hired to-day at Brandon fair,<sup>1</sup> whereas to the northward there is nothing but misery. I was one in a party at Marvan yesterday dining with a noble officer of Militia when we were obliged to break up of a sudden. At dinner we had two roast pigs, two turkeys, fowls, partridges, etc. fruit that Cullen House could never boast of. It may appear to you that the repast was rather of the Synod kind, but quantity is no fault in a feast. The Marshall General is determined to attack Ciudad Rodrigo. 1575 bullocks carts are employed in bringing the needful from Oporto, some of the heavy guns are drawn by 16 Oxen. Sir J. Moore said it would not stand a siege of three days, yet the Spaniards, ill provided with the means of resistance, defended the place 18 days against one of the greatest and best commanded

<sup>1</sup>A yearly fair in Banffshire.



armies that ever France equipped, a force that almost all Europe supposed adequate to the conquest of this Kingdom and it is to be apprehended that the present holders will give another (to us more memorable) example of the misjudgment of that lamented General.

. . . We have heard that Russia has declared war against France. If this be true and that Gt. Britain will subsidise and land 40,000 men in some of the Mediterranean Provinces of the Peninsula, matters might have a glorious end."

Bamposta, 22nd Sept., 1811.

"I am here detached from the Regt. and have 400 men with me. The villages here are not so much destroyed as might have been expected. I have had plenty of bread for all and I have had presents of Partridges and Hares, this morning I was presented with a fat sheep. I lately got a peep at a paper which contained the entire organisation of the French Army of Portugal as commanded by Marmontel with the names of all the rascals in command of the different Regts. You can scarcely credit that he does not exceed 20,000 men. The last reinforcements are a division of those called Imperial Guards, and the Conscripts that have been collecting at Bayonne during the summer, in all about 22,000. He therefore has not a disposable force of more than 40,000, so for the present cannot become formidable to us."

Estremoz, 20th Feb. 1812.

"I have been unusually long in writing you, having been assailed by a host of new correspondents from among

our sisters and some military friends who have lately left the country. Nothing material has occurred, with the exception of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, a point of the greatest importance to us next to Badajoz in the Peninsula, every preparation now making for the siege of the latter—it will be attended with far greater loss (barring some unforeseen stroke of fortune) as the place is greatly strengthened by new outworks and has a garrison triple the number of last year, with the same Governor. There exists a great inclination to desert among the troops which compose the garrison, the Polish part of it has in consequence been removed to the neighbourhood of Seville from which they still continue to get off. About 5 to 8 from the Battalions of Hesse come over daily and many are Nat. Frenchmen.

You seem to be hearing complaints of our being detested in the Peninsula and that there is no co-operation between us and the British. As to the hatred the Spaniards bear us, I myself saw the inhabitants young and old of Almendralejo (a town as populous as the one in which you reside<sup>1</sup>) leave their houses and accompany our advance with cheers. This took place during our last expedition in Spanish Estramadura and if it be a mark of hatred, it is certainly of a new cast! Every reader of the Gazette must see how our light troops have aided the Artillery etc. and how our soldiers storm breaches, redoubts etc. hand to hand with the British. The Infantry resist in square the French Cavalry—there is not one single instance of a Portuguese soldier deserting to the French. What the Devil more would you have?"

<sup>1</sup>Banff.

(Apparently in the Napoleonic, as in the Great War, the valour of “our Portuguese allies” had been called in question!)

Hay Rose continues:—

“We are uncommonly merry here. It is the custom of this country to observe the first 4 days in Lent, the same as you hold Hallowe’en etc. all formality is out of the question. . . .

Nine deserters are just now come in from Badajoz, 5 Hessians, and 4 French. One of them, a very intelligent fellow, a miner, told me that the Garrison were on half allowance and that many would desert when the investment commences.”

Zanca, 3 Leagues S. of Merida,  
28 May 1812.

“This last affair of General Hill which ended with the taking of a considerable number of prisoners and the destruction of the Bridge of Almaraz—it is of the very first consequence. If I can judge from appearances, I think the Marshall-General intends to march upon the Andalusias, no battle of consequence can take place soon. I have cause to expect a majority in a short time.

Will Gordon tells me that you, Alex. Andrew and he got *blaring* at Montcoffer, that on your part appears the most unlikely act possible. D—mn me, if I would there be merry with the King of England. . . . I’m sure if Netherdale<sup>1</sup> possesses any of his early virtues, he must have censured you severely.”

<sup>1</sup>Their eldest brother, James.

Portsalegna, 9th April, 1813.

"I received your letter of 28 Dec. about a month after its date. All the eight pages as coming from you and narrating the occurrences of a circle ever dear to me were very interesting. How can you suppose that I, receiving nearly one letter a year from the few relations I have, could ever forget the scenes of my earliest days. You say you are told I am become a complete Portuguese. The same is said of me in Spain, was said of me in Sweden,<sup>1</sup> and it shall be my endeavour, as it is my wish to cause a similar observation from proper judges in every kingdom where fortune may drive me. Common civility is no fixture. You also tell me to stick to the gallant 92nd. I have been a *bur* on them for nine years, with little appearance of an advantageous release. You must take a more comprehensive view of matters. It will go hard with me if ever I stretch my legs under your table as a British Lieut.

You are terribly given to changing your establishment. Your aunt M'Dougal must have bit you.<sup>2</sup> I would be glad to give you the £100 you mention, but I have more than £150 pay due to me (but not paid) and came off last year's campaign in such a Gaberlunzie<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup>There is no record of when he visited this country.

<sup>2</sup>This was Mrs. Rose's sister, Bathia, who had moved about the world a good deal. Patrick Rose seems, indeed, from the correspondence preserved, to have a great number of different addresses. He moved more than once in Banff, then got tired of it, and transferred himself to Edinburgh, where he occupied several different houses, being often in financial difficulties, as apparently he was at this moment. He returned to Banff before his death.

<sup>3</sup>Beggar.

plight that it has cost me more than £50 to rig out. I had (according to family etiquette) one letter from Alex. since his arrival in this country, praying for aid. I gave him an answer similar to the above and have never more heard of him. . . I am now the senior captain in my Regt. and amongst the oldest in the Army actually serving. (He was 26.) It is my intention, if circumstances permit, to obtain two months leave about Nov. or Dec. to get home."

In 1813 he apparently fulfilled this intention, for he writes on 15th October from Edinburgh, when staying with his youngest sister, Mrs. M'Lean. "I write this in Jane's. Poor thing she expects every minute to be confined." On 7th March, 1817, he writes from Braga, Portugal, about Patrick's continued efforts to discharge their father's debts:—

"My dear Peter,

With regard to your call on me for assistance in the discharge of our family debts, it gives me great pain to tell you that I could not afford you relief, even had your first proposal been adopted by those to whom it was addressed.<sup>1</sup> It cannot be supposed that I, a soldier without a farthing, but my miserable pittance of pay for 13 years past, could possibly possess the sum you allot to yourself, Andrew and I."

It is not known at what period he left the Army, but in 1822 he was back in Scotland, and by 1823 was settled in Jamaica and married. His wife was Catherine

<sup>1</sup>The creditors.

Waddell, whose mother was a Cuming, and thus a cousin of the Rose family. The wedding took place in Edinburgh on 22nd December, 1822. Mr. Waddell, as has been seen already in the account of Hay's brother John, raised some objections to the alliance, his daughter being something of an heiress, but the marriage eventually took place, and Hay and his wife settled in Jamaica with her family, which owned considerable property there. Old Mrs. Cuming and her grandson, James Waddell, a schoolboy, seem at the same time to have taken up their abode in the house of Patrick Rose in Edinburgh. There are many letters from Mrs. Waddell to Mrs. Pat. Rose giving elaborate directions for the care of her "darling boy." In one of 16th June, 1823, she writes:—"Col. Rose is looking very well, but a little paler-faced"; to which is added in Hay Rose's own hand: "Don't believe it, I look fresh and ruddy."

In his own letter to his brother Patrick of 21st July, 1823, Hay gives details, which had only lately come to his knowledge, of the money his wife had inherited from an aunt, which was, moreover, tightly tied up on herself. "All that I have communicated to you just now and in former letters I have learned by coming to Jamaica. Many circumstances when seen on the spot can be duly appreciated. Had the particulars I give you been sent to me in Europe for digestion, they would have sat on the stomach like high-seasoned haggis or blood pudding, but it is only at an interview that I could tell you all the advantages of our coming out. Don't let these letters of mine lie on the chimney piece!

"The agitation of the slave question in Parliament has caused some disquiet in the minds of people here, the assertions relative to bad treatment are as false as they are disgusting. . . In the last number of the Edinr.

Review the negroes are plainly told to murder us, their oppressors. Only suppose an innocent family, constantly occupied in acts of kindness to the young and old about them, from whom they receive every mark of attachment, and conscious of having deserved it, retire to rest leaving their doors and windows unbolted (Dare Mr. Jeffrey do that at his villa near Edinburgh?) . . . He that for gains has seduced many from adoring their Maker and honouring the King ought to be strangled, not the innocent people here who succeeded to slave property sanctioned by the British Legislature." Hay Rose seems to have become a thorough Jamaican in tastes and feelings, and often reiterates how glad he is that he came out. In 1824 he already had a daughter, his "little Mary."

On 13th December, 1824, he writes from Somerset Park, Jamaica, apparently his own house:—

"I went to dine with Sir Robert Dunbar at Agoalta Vale and I slept at Esher Estate in St. Marys. In this country it is the custom when travelling to ride up to an estate, give your name and dismount, being secure of a welcome. I did this at the last mentioned place and after the usual compliments the manager regretted from the very dry season they were entirely out of corn to give my horses. He mentioned Aberdeenshire, I asked him if he knew Bennachie—the effect was magical—he only went the length of the back piazza when he recollected that there was corn in one of the lofts of the outhouses and everything else. The gentleman is one of the Leslie's of Balquhain. I knew his brother well in the Peninsula war. . . While I was at Harmony Hill I was reading the Charter or Grant of the lands from the King to Mr.

Cuming—it says ‘George, King etc. and Lord of Jamaica, greeting’ and goes on in the usual words of these documents after describing the situation, limits and extent of the lands, there is a clause prescribing the following conditions—‘that the said Wm. Cuming Esq. shall pay £55 as quit rent and keep one white person armed for the defence of the island in case of insurrection or invasion and possess 4 negroes for every 100 acres, in fault thereof the land to be forfeited to *us* and our successors.’ Is there a better title to property in Great Britain?

I will have disposable in London, before I can receive your answer to this, about £2000. I wish to settle the above sum for Catherine’s benefit. Let me know your ideas on this subject.

There died here last week a negro woman aged about 140 years. She perfectly recollected the dreadful earthquake that swallowed up Port Royal in 1692, being then a runabout wench and was nurse to the great, great, grandmother of her present or I should say her late owner. This woman cannot be supposed to have done any work since she was 80 years old. She has therefore been well cared for by her owner for more than half a century, had she been free she might have died of hunger a hundred years ago.”

On 21st January, 1826, he writes to announce the death of Mrs. Waddell, whose husband had died some time previously. Hay Rose was executor, and his wife inherited a fourth share of her parents’ property and his little daughter another fourth. He was now in very comfortable circumstances, and speaks of returning to Europe,



which he did in 1827, and settled in Edinburgh, as his mother died in his house there in 1838. He died in Lisbon in 1851.

His daughter Mary, born 1823, died young. He had three other children:—

William Cuming, born 1826; a lieutenant in the 78th Highlanders, died unmarried at Aden in 1851.

James, born 1828, died unmarried in Demerara in 1853.

Anna, born 1831; married John Brigham, of the Madras Medical Service, and died without issue in 1865.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**Elizabeth—1790-1860.**

THE third daughter of William Rose, Elizabeth Forbes, was born on 22nd February, 1790, and was thus seventeen when her father died. She was educated entirely at home, though there seems to have been some idea of sending her to school when she was eleven: want of funds probably prevented it.

As a description of the young ladies' academy of the period, the following letter is not without interest:—

No. 4 St. James Sq., Edinburgh.

“To William Rose at Gask.

Dear Sir,

I had the favour of your kind letter, I will not call it pleasure as it occasioned me great disappointment. We were in such hopes of having Miss Rose under our care. But there is now no help for it. Perhaps you may be persuaded later on to finish her education in Edinr. We trust you will keep us in remembrance if any of your acquaintance were sending their daughters to town. Our board is eight pounds under the larger boarding schools as we need no assistant in the way of governess. We have taken the three rooms of the Attick story above the rooms you saw. This gives us room for two more young ladies besides the two elderly ladies we have, one of whom is

Lady Emily Drummond whose manner and appearance etc. are of infinite service to the young folk—the other is a niece of Ld. Elphinstone's, a very genteel good woman. I must add that our family being so small it's much more like a private one than a boarding school, and all their studies go on with such quiteness. Pardon all this freedom.

With all due respect and esteem,

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedt. humble servant,

AGNES FARQUHARSON."

Elizabeth went at a very early age to help her sister Mary with the latter's numerous progeny.

In December, 1807, she writes from Aberdeen, being then seventeen :—

"My dearest Mother,

Mr. Gordon and my sister left me on Sunday last, Mr. G. was going to Aberdour on account of the term and my Sister is to remain at Nethermuir till he finishes his business when they both intend to return, at least so was their intention when they set out, but I am afraid the snow will render the road between Nethermuir and Ellon quite impassable and instead of coming back on Sunday next as they said, it will be some weeks before they could stir. This I really hope will not be the case as I am acting Mama completely at present in thought, word and deed. (To seven nieces and three nephews, from twelve to one year old!)

How happy shall I be when my dear Mother is settled at Boyndlie which my sister and Mr. G. desired me to assure you of at Whitsunday. He had a letter from Lord Huntly, the other day in which his Lordship said it was not yet quite decided whether he goes abroad or not."

Eighteen months after this date (2nd June, 1809), when nineteen, she married, from the house of her brother-in-law William Gordon, Lieut.-Col. Alexander Campbell of Ballochyle, by whom she had four children—Mary, Alexander, Violette, and William Rose. The present M'Iver Forbes Morison M'Iver-Campbell of Ballochyle is her grandson. It is to his kindness that we owe the permission to reproduce the portraits of William Rose and his wife.

After the death of Colonel Campbell in 1819, Elizabeth Rose married again—Major William Murray, 46th Madras Infantry. From the death of her mother, in 1838, until her own death in 1860, Mrs. Murray continued to enjoy the Government pension of £100 granted to Mrs. Rose.

Alexander Campbell, Elizabeth's elder son, succeeded to the family estates at the age of seven. He, unfortunately, died of cholera in India before he was twenty-one. William, the second son, then succeeded at the age of thirteen, and Partick Rose was one of his guardians.



Mary, Mrs. McGown,  
Daughter of Jane McClean and grand-daughter of William Rose.

From Photograph lent by Mrs. Hearn.



## CHAPTER XIV.

**Jane—1793-1830.**

OF the twelfth and youngest child, "Pretty little Jane," no letters have been preserved. William Rose's misfortunes, with law cases, speculations and quarrels with his employer had begun before her birth in 1793, and she can have known little of the happy, if crowded, life at Montcoffer, in which the others were brought up. At the date of her father's death she was fourteen, and according to letters from some of her brothers and sisters, she was for a time provided with a home by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rose-Innes, at Netherdale. Not very long afterwards, when seventeen, she was married from Kilmuir House, Holyloch, Argyllshire, the house of her brother-in-law, Lt.-Colonel Campbell, to Captain James Maclean of the Argyll Regiment. He died in 1826, and she in 1830. She had always been delicate. She had three children:—

Alexander, in the Merchant Service, died unmarried.

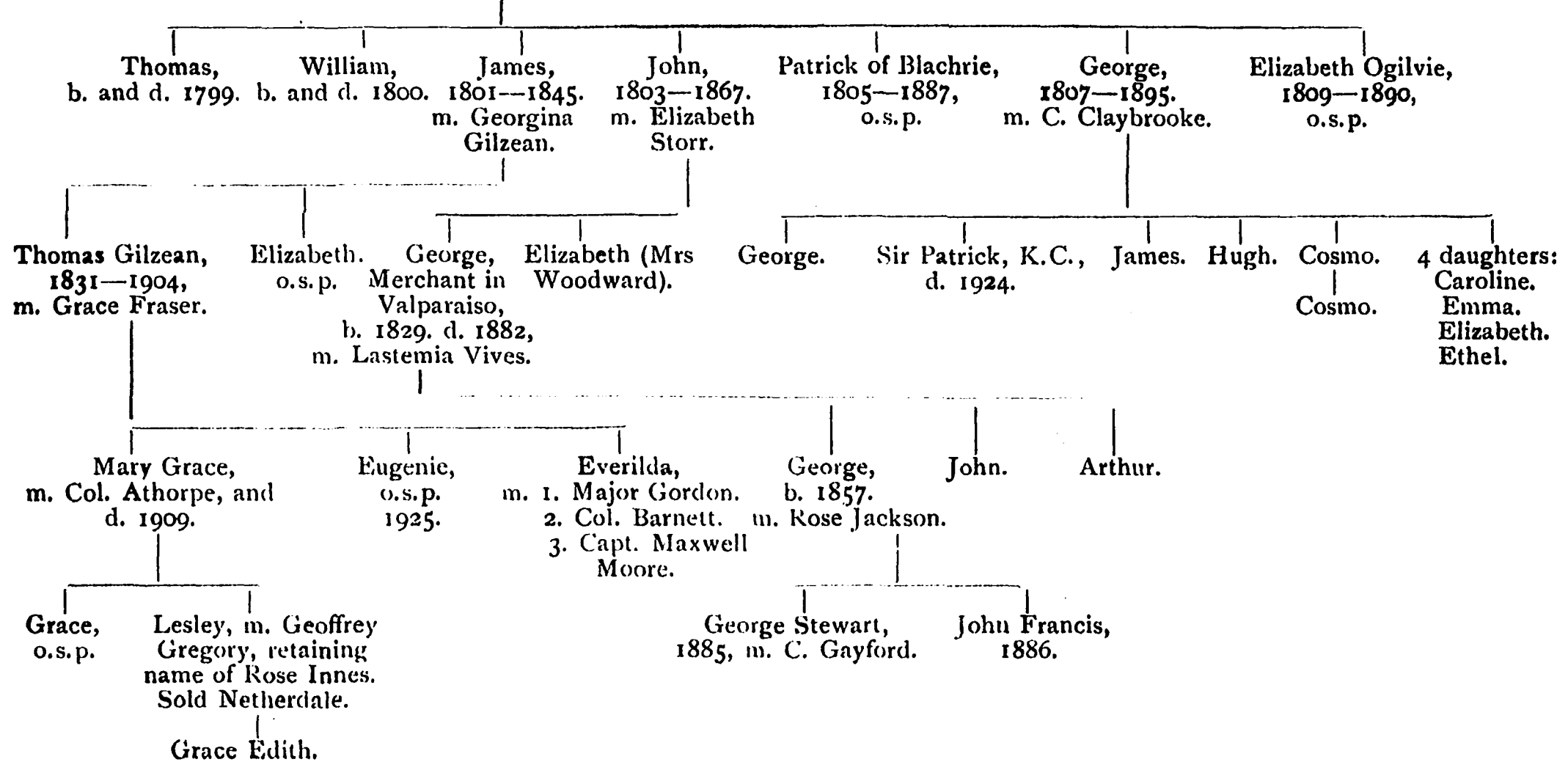
Hugh, also died unmarried; and

Mary, who married Thomas McGown of the 6th Madras Cavalry, and left issue.

The preceding selection of letters gives a brief picture of William Rose of Montcoffer, his wife and his twelve children. Sketch tables of the descendants of each to the present day form the Appendices.

APPENDIX I.

JAMES ROSE, married Elizabeth Mary Innes. Had seven children, 13 grand-children.  
1774—1814. in 1797. 1778—1851.





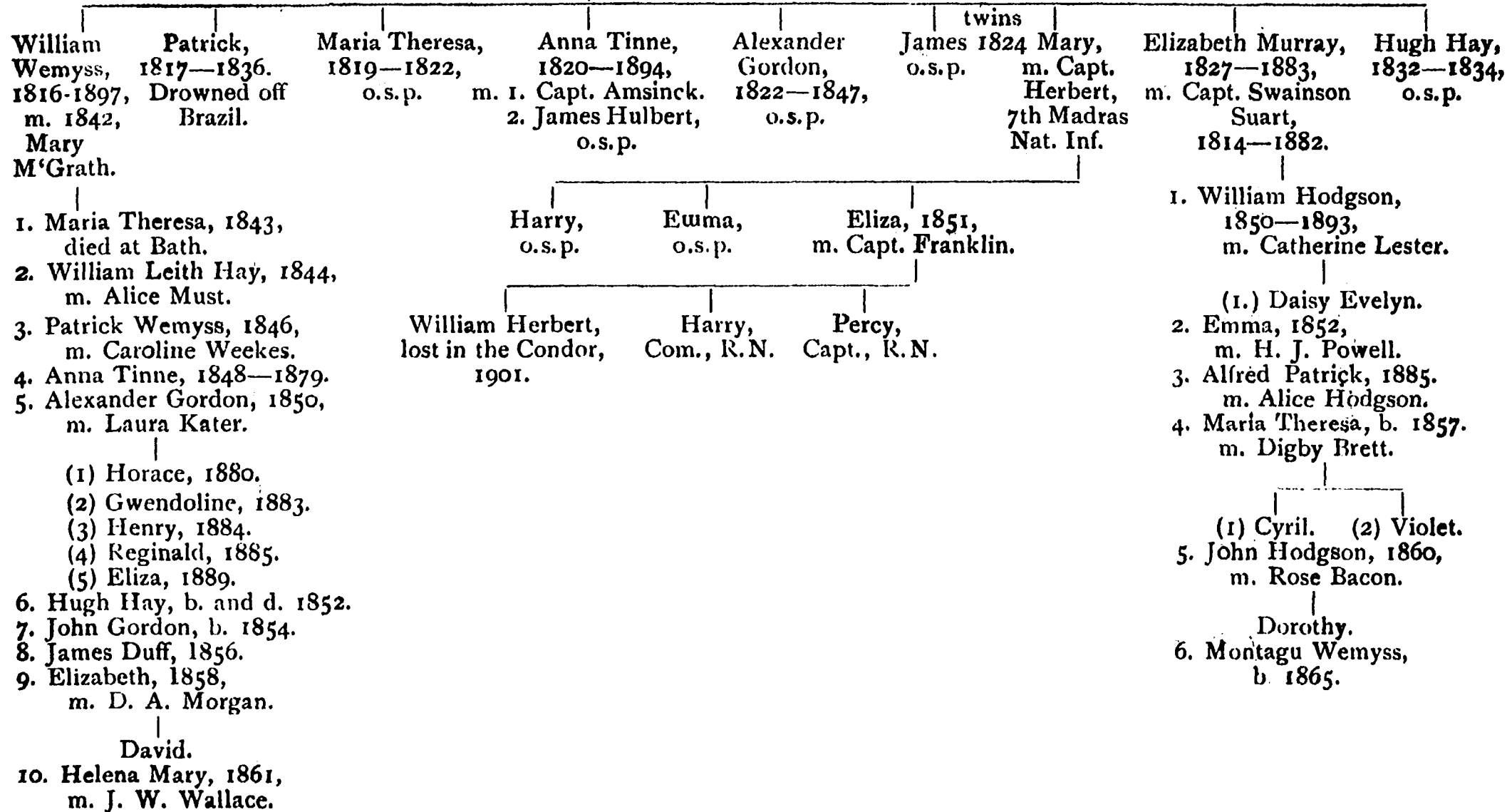
## APPENDIX II.

MARY, eldest daughter of William Rose, b. 1778, d. 1828. Married William Gordon, younger of Aberdour, and had issue—

1. Mary, b. 1795, m. John Dingwall of Brucklay. One son, John Duff Dingwall, o.s.p.
2. Alicia, b. 1796.
3. Alexander, b. 1797. Shot in a duel, 1818.
4. Penelope, b. 1799, d. 1853. Married Patrick Duff of Carnousie, and had three children—Patrick, William, and Mary.
5. William, R.N., b. 1800. Married Albinia Gordon of Cairnbulg, o.s.p.
6. Huntly, b. 1801, d. 1841. Married—1. Capt. Marshall, 2. Peter Rose.
7. John, b. and d. 1802.
8. Madeline, b. 1804, d. 1862. Married John McGusty.
9. Anne, 1805.
10. Jane, 1807.
11. Elizabeth, 1809.
12. Alicia, 1811. Married Dr. Bridges.
13. George, 1813.
14. John, 1814.
15. Alexander, 1819. Murdered in Natal, 1861. Married Mary Bouchier, and had three sons, William, Alexander, and John, and two daughters, Mary and Georgina.
16. Georgina, 1821. Died in 1894 at Logie House, Cullen.

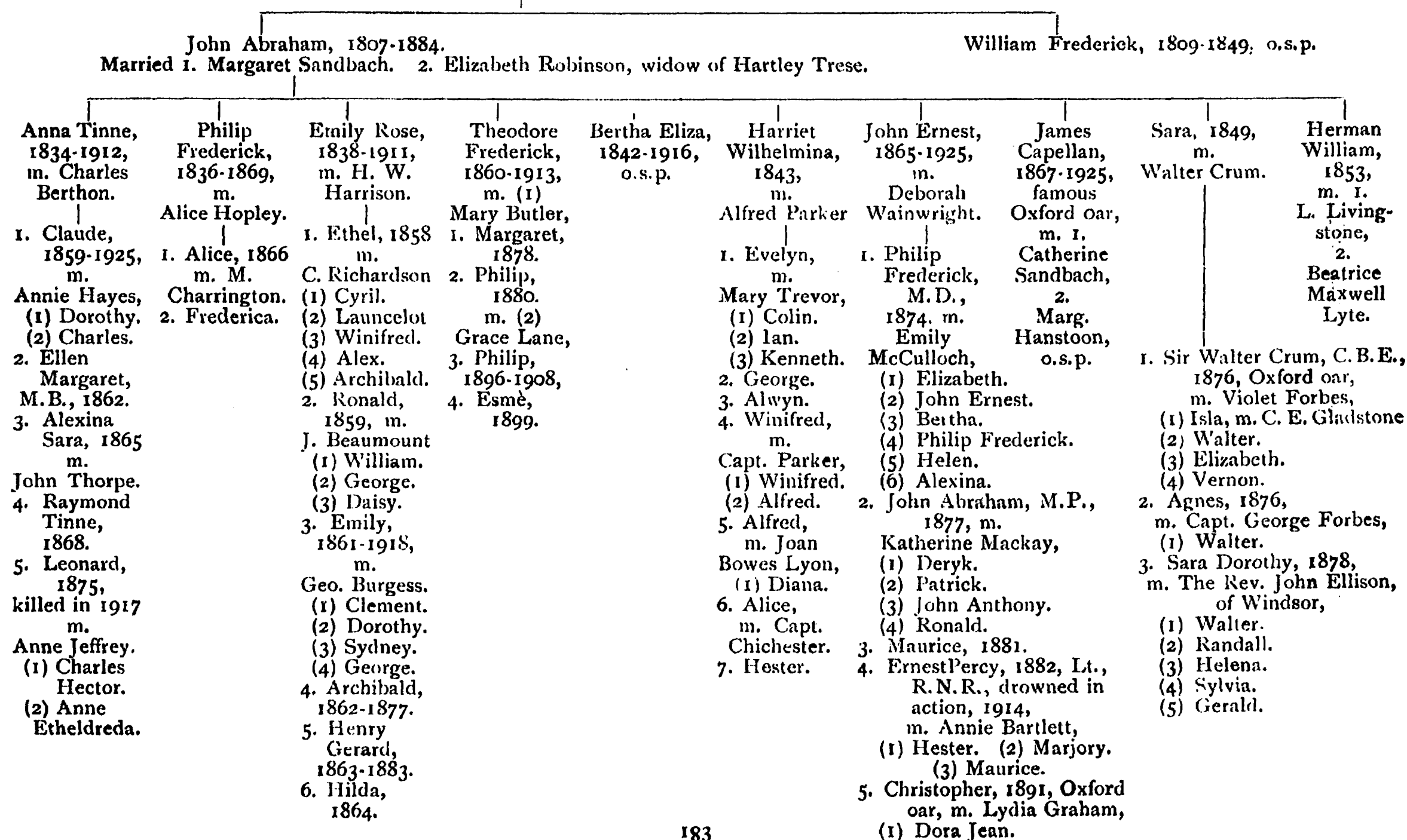
# APPENDIX III.

PATRICK ROSE, b. 1780, d. 1844, married, 1815, Maria Theresa Wemyss—nine children, 19 grand-children.



# APPENDIX IV.

ANNA ROSE, 1785-1827, married Philip F. Tinne, 1772-1844—2 children and 10 grand-children.



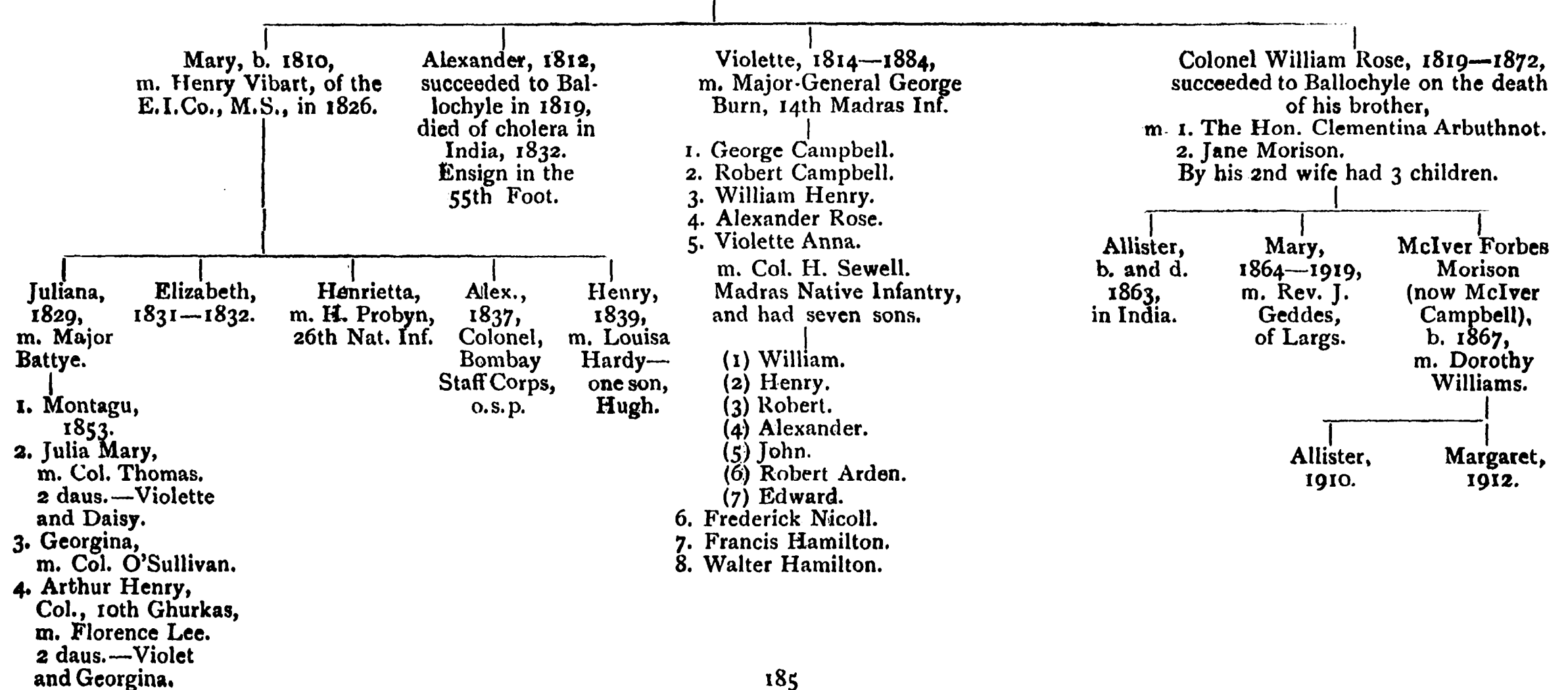
## APPENDIX V.

HUGH HAY ROSE, b. 1787, d. 1851. Married in 1822 Catherine Waddell,  
and had four children—

1. Mary, b. 1823, died young.
2. William Cuming, b. 1826, d. unm. 1851.
3. James, b. 1828, died unm. 1853.
4. Anna, b. 1831, married John Brigham, of the Madras Medical Service.  
Died without issue, 1865.

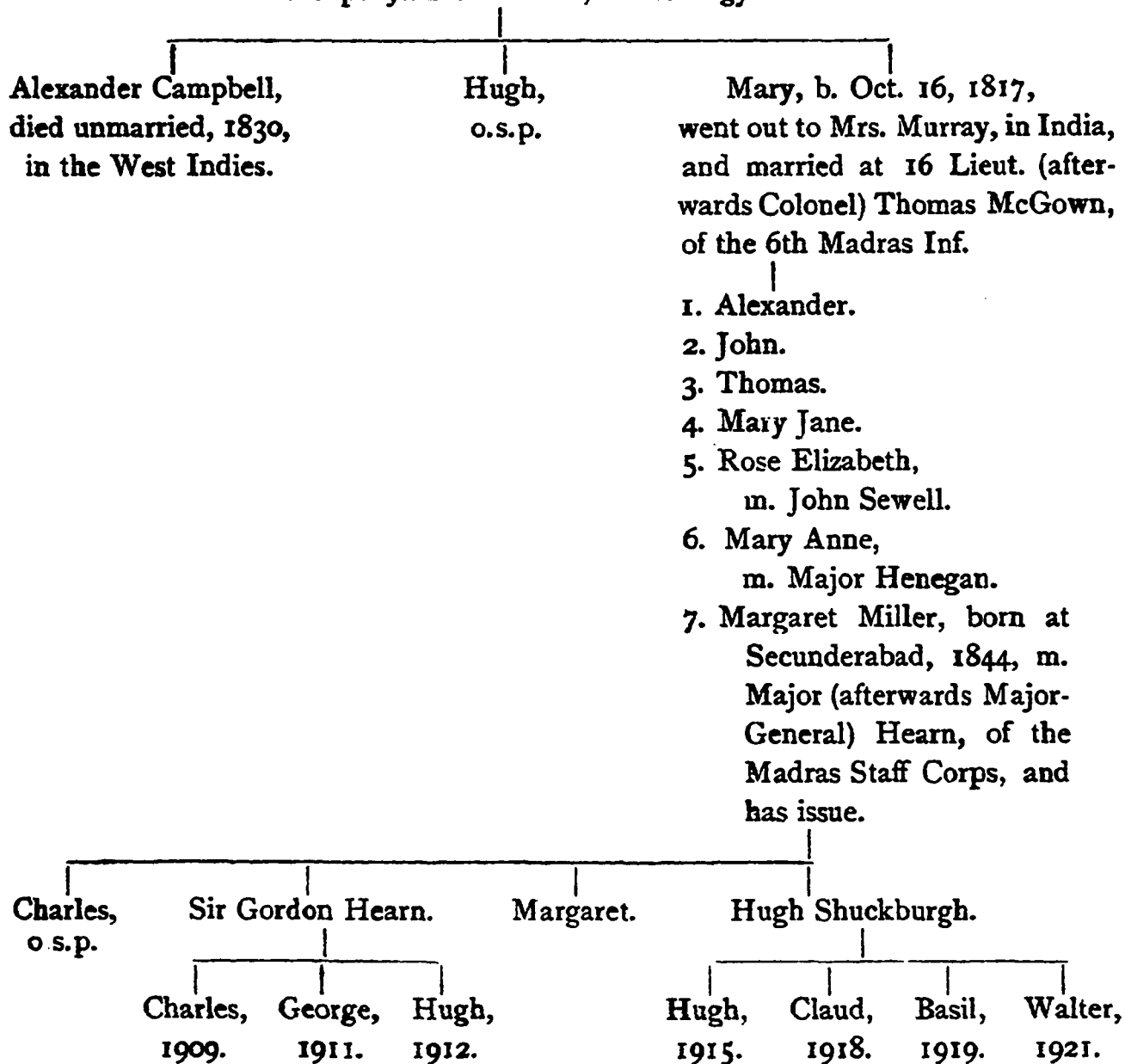
# APPENDIX VI.

ELIZABETH FORBES, b. 1790, d. 1860, married Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Campbell, yr. of Ballochyle, 1777—1819.  
Four children, sixteen grand-children.



## APPENDIX VII.

JANE, youngest child of William Rose, b. 1793, died in Edinburgh, 1830,  
m. Capt. James McLean, of the Argyll Militia.



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